

THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

MUST AMERICA FORGIVE HER DEBTORS?

In the London *Outlook* of October 8, the leading article is devoted to an argument on the cancelation of Europe's indebtedness to America. This article has been widely quoted in the Continental press, and parts of it were brought to the attention of Congress during its debates on tax revision. The salient passages in the *Outlook* article relate to the alleged impossibility of compelling the Germans to pay reparations in full, and to the hopelessness of liquidating Europe's debt to America unless the reparations agreement is carried out.

World-trade cannot revive (and if it does not we must starve) until the interrelated international debts that weigh down all countries are wiped out; for only then can the exchanges be quieted down. The foundation upon which the pyramid of paper rests is the German indemnity; once it is recognized that Germany cannot pay the Allies, we in this country will be ready to agree that France and Italy cannot pay us what they owe, and America will realize (but when?) that she cannot collect the ten milliards of dollars owed her by Europe. These debts out of the way, the exchanges can be stabilized,—which, be it noted, is a different and easier feat than to return all the currencies to the par of the gold standard,—and then trade can recommence. We do not propose to recapitulate our previous arguments as to why world-debts

must be canceled, but to take up the problem where we left off last week and set down some candid remarks regarding the position of our good friend, the United States of America. That nation occupies a unique position in this discussion. Germany owes everybody, and appears to have decided to go on paying until her credit is smashed in order to satisfy suspicious creditors that she can pay no longer; France and Italy are Germany's creditors and our debtors; all our Continental allies owe us money, and so does Germany; but America, on her lonely pinnacle, holds demand notes aggregating more than two and a half milliards of pounds, and owes nobody anything.

Every honest man, up to or past the point when he feels himself to have become an involuntary bankrupt, shrinks from asking his creditors to remit debts for whose repayment they hold his written pledge. Shall proud and mighty Britain, then, wait hat in hand before the portals of the United States Treasury, to plead that America of its grace remit the 972,000,000 pounds advanced by the United States to this country on notes of hand signed by the British Ambassador? The blood of every true-born Briton must boil at the thought of such a financial Canossa. (That sum now represents about 1,250,000,000 pounds, because the pound has depreciated in terms of the dollar since the dollar advances were made.) Are we a pauper nation? Better far that the 128,414,367 pounds in gold now in the Bank of England be shipped to New York in the Berengaria this afternoon, and

the income tax raised another six shillings or so, to make up the other nine tenths of the debt as soon as may be!

But, our indignation at the suggestion that we beg off our obligations to America having cooled slightly, let us return to our muttons. Our argument has been that, unless the outstanding international debts be wiped out, — enemy and friendly debts, — we cannot stabilize the exchanges, and we cannot hope to recover our trade and our prosperity. This implies that, not only must we forgive our debtors, but we must be forgiven by our only creditor — America. Self-respect, we agree, forbids us to ask America to cancel the debt.

Although self-respect, in the view of the *Outlook*, forbids asking America to cancel British debts, it does not by any means forbid the dropping of hints which are far from gentle. The British view is that it is to America's own interest to cancel the \$10,000,000,000 now owed by Europe. American prosperity depends on the export trade, which sank from \$13,000,000,000 in 1919 to \$10,000,000,000 in 1920, and is still going down. Europe cannot begin to buy from America because the exchange rates are depreciating, and America cannot hope to sell until the exchanges are stabilized — a result which, the *Outlook* avers, would follow the cancelation of the debt.

The *Outlook* then states the terms in which it believes the British proposal should be couched: —

'We do not ask you, gentlemen, to cancel that milliard odd we owe you out of generosity, idealism, recognition that we did more fighting than you did, or because we lent most of the money involved to other nations who can't pay it back to us. In fact, we do not ask you to cancel the debt at all. We merely state our opinion that you *will* cancel it, not out of generosity or out of idealism, but out of sheer self-interest. The only question is when you will do so. You must cancel it, for until you do, your industries will be crippled, your trade at a standstill, your people out of work. We make no

suggestion, beyond expressing the opinion that the sooner you look into the situation and do what you will have to do before long in any event, the better it will be for you as for us. If you do not now agree, or rather if you will not trouble to examine the world-trade position, since if you do you must agree, ask for your money — we will mortgage our credit, we will send you our gold, until such time as you discover how that metal feels when poured in a molten state down one's throat.

'That formula, we submit, does not err on the side of humility.'



THE BRITISH ATTITUDE TOWARD THE CONFERENCE

THE *Nation* and the *Athenæum* regrets that the British public is not more actively interested in the Washington Conference, but believes that there is good reason for this relative apathy.

We are at the turning-point of destiny in our relations with Ireland; unemployment is a nightmare that might well obsess us to the neglect of every other theme; our finances are in disorder, and that is only an item in the race of all belligerent Europe toward bankruptcy; when we look abroad, across the distresses and unrest of nearer Europe, we see the agony of twenty millions of our fellow creatures on the Volga. In competition with these issues, the economic future in China, and the naval programmes which ultimately depend upon it, may seem remote and relatively inhuman concerns.

British statesmen, however, are fully alive to the importance of this meeting as is indicated by the declaration of Lloyd George that the Conference might prove to be 'one of those outstanding events which will affect human history for generations to come.'

The *Labor Monthly* expresses the opinion that, so far as respects the reduction of armies and navies, the Conference will accomplish little. It refers to the speech of President Harding at West Point, in September, and to

the statement of Secretary Denby, that the construction of war-vessels authorized by Congress would be continued in spite of the approaching discussions. The *Labor Monthly* concludes: —

In view of these statements, it is clear that the significance of the Washington Conference is not to be found in disarmament. The real significance of the Washington Conference is more likely to be found in its treatment of the Far East. Armaments may be modified; but that modification will at the best be no more than a temporary suspension of hostilities, so long as the fundamental question of mastery at sea is left untackled. But with regard to China and Japan the Washington Conference may have a very real importance. America is clearly endeavoring to manoeuvre Japan out of her 'fruits of victory' in China by diplomatic means, under the formula of the 'open door.' Britain is faced with the awkward problem of choosing between Japan and the United States and endeavoring to reconcile both; and the problem is complicated by the attitude of the colonies. The British attempts to reach a preliminary triangular agreement have so far been coldly received in America. It may be that some temporary agreement over the exploitation of the body of China may be achieved (especially if some British concession to America over Mesopotamian oil-wells is thrown in); but the fundamental divergencies of imperialist rivalry remain to break out again at a later stage. The one thing that is certain is that Labor can play no part in these diplomatic traffickings; and that if it endeavors to play one, its only part will be that of a puppet called in to give to the proceedings a suitable 'democratic' atmosphere.

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THE SILESIAN AWARD

PUBLIC opinion in France, as reflected in the editorial comments of the Paris press, has warmly approved the verdict of the League Council on the Upper Silesia question. This award, it will be remembered, divides the industrial area by a nearly straight line, and gives the eastern half of it to Poland.

This eastern half contains the most important of the Silesian coal-fields. *Figaro* looks upon the award as an indication of continued team-work between France and Great Britain, and warns the German Government that it must restrain the ardor of those pan-German organizations which have been advocating resistance to the award.

In England, on the other hand, the award has encountered a divided welcome. The *Nation* and the *Athenæum* points out that economic considerations have been deliberately disregarded in the partition. It regards the award as 'a departure alike from the text of the treaty and from common sense.'

The *Outlook* intimates that the verdict of the League 'Four' in this matter was a foregone conclusion, because all the adjudicators were pro-Gallic in their attitude.

M. Hymans, the Belgian delegate, an ardent Francophile, had various grievances against Mr. Lloyd George, dating back to the time of the first Peace Conference. Mr. Wellington Koo, the Chinese delegate, could not afford to disregard France's wishes, knowing that France is going to Washington prepared to back China against Japan. As for the Spanish and Brazilian representatives, the former, because of Morocco, was out to placate French feeling, while the latter pleaded cultural affinities with the 'Latin' sister-nations. Hence the League 'Four' are all inclined to the French side. It was inevitable. And now the world can understand why M. Briand accepted with alacrity Mr. Lloyd George's suggestion to refer the Silesian difficulty to the League.

The *Economist*, however, gives its general approval to the outcome, and believes that the new arrangement will prove workable: —

It has been constructed with great care and much labor; witnesses have been heard from both sides; the committee that produced it comprised the representatives of four absolutely disinterested Powers —

Belgium, Brazil, China, and Spain; no member had previously spoken on the question; the expert sub-committee, which went through all the evidence afresh, was Swiss; the text of the treaty has been strictly followed, and the League and the Supreme Council have practically accepted the decision in advance.

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BUSINESS AND POLITICS IN THE FAR EAST

THE National Conference of the Chinese Chambers of Commerce was held at Shanghai during the first week of October. Delegates were present from nearly all the Chinese provinces, thus indicating that, although the nation is divided by political strife, the business community can still come together for a discussion of their interests. The *Weekly Review of the Far East* remarks, however, that an assembly of business interests of China should be able to do more than deliberate.

The business men of China have up to this time been too timid and self-effacing, paying tribute in cold cash to the overbearing and dominant militarists rather than assuming the responsibility for a movement to bring order out of chaos. They have been too willing to let their city, their province, and their country overlords run things in a governmental way. They have been too backward to refuse to accept even commercial practices which have been detrimental to their own businesses and to the commerce of the country. It may be that the merchants have not as yet felt their power in the nation; but the time has arrived when they should realize the vast influence for good that can be exerted by the commercial bodies, in business practices, in the reformation of the politics of China, and in the intercourse of the nation with the world. It has been aptly said that what China needs is an active interest in political and commercial conditions on the part of the middle class. The moment has come when such an interest can be asserted by the National Assembly of the Chambers of Commerce.

OIL AND EMPIRE

AN informing address on the petroleum problem was delivered October 17 to the members of the London Chamber of Commerce, by Mr. A. Beeby Thompson, who has visited nearly all the oil-producing areas of the world. The speaker gave some significant figures concerning the relative British and American outputs of oil. Down to 1920 the oil-wells of the United States yielded about sixty-two per cent of the world's total supply, whereas the British Empire produced only about two per cent.

America had developed, in 1920, about 4500 square miles of oil territory, while the entire output of British oil-wells had been derived from about 70 square miles. British capital, however, is now developing oil territory in many parts of the world, including the mandate countries.

The speaker argued that the future of British commerce depended upon a secure supply. He expressed the opinion, however, that the situation of the British Empire in this respect is less precarious than it has commonly been thought to be.

We have sat on our oil-resources, while America bestowed her treasures lavishly and generously. We have scoured the world for new sources of supply, while America rested content with her home resources. America has skimmed the cream of her oil-wells at a time when prices were low, while we have entered the world-market with our flush production at a time when prices are high.

No one need anticipate an early exhaustion of oil, as a great deal of unexplored territory still remains. The British government should not apply a restrictive policy toward other countries, and least of all toward America. However attractive the financial aspect may be, such a policy cannot fail to involve the Government in unpleasant negotiations.

THE KIAOCHOW OFFER

THE *North China Herald* publishes an interesting story of how the Japanese arrived at their recent offer to China regarding Shantung. This story runs as follows:—

Some time ago, a group of Chinese officials discussed certain definite terms under which they would consider it possible to accept the return of Kiaochow. These terms, as finally concluded, were put in writing and placed in the department of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. In some way thereafter they fell into the hands of a Japanese official, who immediately, on acquiring possession of them, took a train for Tokyo and there presented them to the Japanese department interested. Now it appears that the terms which Chinese officials had decided would be acceptable have been offered to China in the form in which they were originally made, but with three important exceptions.

These three exceptions are, first, that all land which was bought from Chinese land-owners about the port under military duress be returned to these former land-owners at the same price at which it was purchased; second, that the territory become an administrative district under the same type of jurisdiction that prevails in the ex-German and ex-Austrian Concessions at Tientsin; and third, that all government properties, such as wharves, dockyards, and the like, be returned to Chinese government ownerships.

It will be seen that the terms of the present Japanese offer contain no mention of the first exception noted, while, as regards the second, Japan proposes to throw the whole area open to foreign commerce, not stipulating for a Japanese Concession or International Settlement. In regard to government properties and public works, it appears to be Japan's intention, judging from the memorandum, to arrange such matters by negotiation.

POLAND'S FINANCES

THE most serious problem at present confronting Poland relates to the

depreciation of the mark. This depreciation, it appears, was entirely responsible for the downfall of the last Cabinet. The Minister of Finance, being unable to keep expenditures within bounds, tendered his resignation, and the entire Cabinet resigned with him. The principal reason for the depreciation is the over-issue of paper notes, but certain external factors have also contributed to it. The *London Statist* declares that 'a large block of Polish currency, estimated at a billion marks, is held outside the country by interests hostile to Poland, and is used for the purpose of juggling the exchange.' The gradual alienation of British sympathy, moreover, has had an unfavorable influence. The *Statist* warns the Polish authorities that drastic reforms are necessary if the financial stability of the country is to be assured. It urges that some way be found for meeting the budget deficits by increasing taxes and by reducing the expenditures. Above all, it recommends that a reform of the tax-collecting organization should be made at once..



THE LEAGUE AND THE CONFERENCE

SPEAKING at the London Mansion House, on October 18, Viscount Grey expressed the opinion that the Washington Conference, in so far as it might lead to an adjustment of the Far Eastern question, would supplement the work which the League of Nations is endeavoring to do.

I do not look upon the Washington Conference as a rival to the League of Nations, but as something which is going to cover some portion of the ground which the League of Nations at present cannot cover because of the absence from it of the United States. But if the Washington Conference results in a settlement of the Pacific question, it will have made a great contribution toward world-peace and the diminution of

armaments. The Washington Conference is not going to take the place of the League of Nations, because it has not provided any machinery which can deal with European questions.

I do not believe there is any danger in the suggestion about reducing armaments below the level of safety. But my answer to that question would be that, if there is to be a really safe reduction of expenditure on armaments, it must be simultaneous, world-wide, and comprehensive and the League of Nations is the machinery essential to secure that it should be so.

LABOR IN JAPAN

FOLLOWING the serious labor troubles in Kobe, Osaka, and elsewhere, Japan is now experiencing a period of comparative quiet in industrial circles. The prediction is being made in the Japanese press, however, that this condition of affairs will not last very long. The recent strikes indicated that the labor element in Japan is now becoming class-conscious; and is making demands as a class; most previous strikes were initiated by workmen in individual shops or factories, and aimed to secure advantages for the workmen immediately concerned. Commenting upon the outcome of the strikes, the *Herald of Asia* expresses this opinion:—

Capital appears on the surface to have defeated the strike; nevertheless, the claim of the laborers that they were in a measure victorious cannot be considered entirely unfounded. The factory labor-situation in Japan is at present relatively unimportant because the total of the workmen is still very small, when compared with that of the entire population. The proportion will, however, change in favor of labor, in direct ratio with the growth of industry. It is a recognized fact that the future of the Empire lies in its development as an industrial country; and with such development the number of factory-workers will of necessity increase. It will be well for Japan to heed the lessons which may be learned from the

recent experiences of England, where labor has on several occasions succeeded in bringing about situations of the most extreme gravity.

It should be possible for Japan to avoid such dangers—with comparative ease—at this time, when labor is in less of a position to dictate than it will be a few years from now. The time to take the necessary steps is to-day.

MINOR NOTES

THE Reparations Commission has recently published a statement of the cost to the German Government of maintaining Allied forces on the Rhine during the period intervening between the Armistice and May 1, 1921. The cost of maintaining American forces in the Coblenz region exceeds a quarter of a billion dollars. Approximately one billion in francs is the cost of maintaining the French occupying forces, and almost as much is due to Great Britain as payment for the maintenance of the British contingent. The cost per day per man for each of the armies is: for the United States \$4.50; for France, 15.25 francs, and for Great Britain 14 shillings. The total amount which Germany must pay for the maintenance of the occupying armies during this period of two and a half years will amount to about three billion gold marks.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the boring of the Mont Cenis Tunnel has led some of the French newspapers to discuss the whole question of existing railroad communication between the countries of Western Europe and the Near East. The Mont Cenis Tunnel was finished on September 17, 1871; and although at that time it provided a sufficient facility for transcontinental trains, to-day the amount of traffic has so greatly increased as to render the tunnel quite inadequate.

THE CASE FOR THE CONFERENCE

BY VISCOUNT BRYCE

[Lord Bryce, like Sir Philip Gibbs, the author of the succeeding article, is peculiarly qualified to understand the American attitude toward the Conference. Both he and Sir Philip have recently been in America. Lord Bryce, moreover, has been known for years as the most distinguished foreign student of public opinion in relation to world affairs and especially of American political psychology. His long term of membership in the British House of Commons, together with his service at Washington as British Ambassador, gave him an unusual opportunity to become familiar with the political temper of the two countries. Sir Philip Gibbs is better known in America than any other British war correspondent. His book, Now It Can Be Told, was widely read in this country and created a profound impression.]

From *The Times*, October 18
(NORTHCLEE PRESS)

No European who has traveled in the United States this autumn can have failed to be struck by the intense interest that the American people are displaying in the Conference on the reduction of armaments, which President Harding has invited to meet next month in Washington. Several causes have contributed to swell the volume of popular approval which the President's action has received, and to stimulate the eagerness shown on all hands in desiring that a happy result should be reached.

There is, to begin with, a natural desire to secure a reduction in the scale of Federal taxation, which is still very high; and this wish is all the stronger because business has been, and is still, severely depressed. The rank and file of the United States Army has already been so much reduced as to be now not very far above the figure at which it used to stand before the war. But besides the expenditure upon artillery, which remains considerable, the cost of the navy continues to be extremely heavy, large sums having been already voted. Economic considerations, however, have been neither the most important nor the most interesting reason

for the earnestness of the American wish to have military spendings reduced. Although the Presidential election a year ago appeared to show a decided reaction against President Wilson's plan of a League of Nations, that reaction was largely due to temporary and personal causes; and other tendencies have now begun to show themselves.

The completeness of the victory won by the Allied and Associated Powers in 1918 had led the people to expect a correspondingly complete deliverance from any fear of another world-conflict and had inspired hopes that the time had at last arrived when swords could be safely beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks. When, therefore, the Americans were told that a great navy must still be maintained because other powers were continuing to expend vast sums upon war preparations, there was a general disappointment. Why, it was asked, should these powers persist in building warships at an enormous cost, when the navies of their German and Austrian enemies had been annihilated, when those navies could not be reconstructed, and when no renewal of a naval war was to be expected for years and years to

come? Are the victorious powers really going to begin *da capo* to make preparations for another conflict? Is not this the time, if ever a time is to come, for leaving off an unprofitable and unnecessary expenditure on munitions of war? The American people, although they develop a vehement fighting spirit when actually engaged in fighting, are in normal times far more pacific in temper than any of the European nations, and to most of them war seems to be almost a relic of barbarism. This may be due largely to their having had nothing to fear on their own continent; but there the fact is.

There has, moreover, remained in many quarters, despite what was represented (or misrepresented) as a decisive declaration against the League of Nations, a strong sense that America has a duty to the world to do her best for the preservation of general peace. One is constantly assured that the election of 1920 must not be understood as conveying any repudiation of such a duty, any desire that the great Republic of the West should stand apart in a self-contained and self-satisfied isolation, looking from afar on the troubles of the Old World, with the pleasure which the ancient poet attributed to those who watch from the land the peril of storm-tossed mariners. Thus, the Washington Conference rises before the minds of many Americans as affording an opportunity by which America may discharge her duty to mankind, and in that sense they welcome it. The importance attached to the occasion has been shown by the course, unusual but sanctioned by public opinion, which the President took when he recently suggested that prayers should be everywhere offered up on behalf of the Conference.

It is generally assumed in the United States that British sentiment is entirely favorable to the project. Favorable it

certainly ought to be, for Britain has obviously even more to gain, owing to her present financial situation, than America has to gain, by a reduction of expenditure for war purposes. If it be the case, as seems to be thought in some quarters, that the interest of the British people in the Conference has not been adequately expressed, it is to be hoped that any such impression will be corrected by the action of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York in requesting prayers to be offered in the churches of England for the success of the Conference and for peace generally. The composition of the American delegation to the Conference would appear to have won unanimous praise from the press and public opinion. Mr. Hughes, the Secretary of State, is regarded as the strongest and wisest statesman in the Cabinet, Mr. Root as the strongest and wisest statesman outside the Cabinet, while the two great political parties are fitly represented by eminent and experienced leaders in the Senate. So far the Administration has done all it can to deserve success in its plan, and there will be bitter disappointment if success is not attained.

One cloud, however, is seen on the horizon, a cloud that appears much larger to American than it does to European eyes. The disquiet that the average American feels as to the purposes and possible action of Japan surprises British visitors and needs some explanation. It is due to several apprehensions — some local, others of a more general bearing. The immigration of Japanese into the Pacific States aroused displeasure twenty years ago, and has continued to be a source of irritation between the Government of Japan and that of the United States; for the Californians have shown much unfriendliness, and the Japanese Government has been obliged to address remonstrances to Washington, which Washington finds it

hard to deal with, since it is unable to put adequate pressure on the state authorities of California. The Japanese are not numerous enough to be in any way a danger, and the number of immigrants has been limited by an agreement made in President Roosevelt's day. But they are clannish and pushful, and the Californians have that sort of dislike for them which the rougher part of the wage-earning class everywhere shows for strangers who, while competing for work, are dissimilar in aspect and habits, and who hold together in groups which do not dissolve in the general population.

Though their presence affects the Pacific Coast only, the irritation, sedulously fostered and diffused by the meaner organs of the press, spreads widely, and gets some support from its association with a fear of the so-called 'Yellow Races.' It will be remembered that this panic was started, or at least encouraged, by the ex-Emperor William II. His fanciful mind, uncritical enough to swallow the absurdities of Houston Stewart Chamberlain, saw a peril to civilization in the possible expansion of, and aggression by, the Chinese and Japanese. Some American writers have even warned California to beware of a Japanese invasion, though everyone might at this time of day be expected to know what would befall a fleet and army arriving on a hostile coast after a voyage of many thousands of miles, which would occupy more than three weeks.

Apart from these local sources of anti-Japanese feeling (though tending in the same direction) is the suspicion entertained of the designs of the Island Kingdom. Its sudden rise, its easy victory over China in the war of 1894, its less complete but more remarkable success in the war against Russia some years later, startled the world. Its continued activity, coupled with the in-

crease in its population, has made it seem a new and dangerous force in world-policies, while the fact that Japan is essentially a poor country, so that its financial resources could not stand a protracted conflict with any other great naval power, has been imperfectly realized. There is also, of course, the question of the Philippine Islands and the Japanese element in Hawaii, upon which I have not time to enter.

Finally, there is the treaty between Great Britain and Japan. It has been pointed out over and over again that there is nothing in that treaty to affect the United States; for her relations to Britain have been expressly excepted from the operation of the treaty, which, moreover, was made long ago, in contemplation of a state of things totally different from the present, at a time when Russia was still a formidable power in the Far East and Germany had started on her menacing course. Nevertheless nine men out of ten in the United States continue to repeat that England is the ally, the exclusive ally, of Japan, and that the effect of the treaty has been, and is, to make Japan think she has a comparatively free hand and may adopt policies of aggression on which she would otherwise fear to embark. No explanations seem likely to remove this impression from the American mind. It remains even when Englishmen point out that their own interests in securing the Open Door for commerce in China and the political independence of China — both of which things Japan is supposed to threaten — are exactly the same as the interests of America. So, again, if it be suggested that Japanese ascendancy in Manchuria and the regions northward, as far as the River Amur and Lake Baikal, would be injurious to American interests, such an advance, if injurious to America, would be no less injurious to British interests. There is really no reason whatever for

any divergence between British and American policy as regards China and the possible action of Japan there.

An attempt by Japan to dominate and exploit China — and this is a possible eventuality on which Americans frequently dwell — is, of course, an imaginable danger. Efforts at 'peaceful penetration' have already been made; but the enterprise would be a difficult one, and with scanty chances of success, such is the aversion of the Chinese to the Japanese and their methods, and such the latent resisting power of a vast population which, although not aggressive, has a strong national consciousness and national pride. In any case, it would be quite as much a part of British as it could be of American policy to arrest any such attempt.

It is generally believed in America that the question of mandates and the question of Yap — upon that of Shantung I cannot now enter — will not give much trouble to the Conference; and it is deemed unlikely that, if Britain and the self-governing Dominions, France, and America, agree, as they may be expected to do, to a substantial reduction of armaments, Japan will venture to stand out.

On the whole, therefore, the prospects of success at Washington are held to be good. But it must be repeated that, if the Conference should fail, the disappointment of American hopes will be severe in proportion to their present brightness, and the prospects of international coöperation will be darkened.

WORK, WAGES, AND — WASHINGTON

BY SIR PHILIP GIBBS

From *Review of Reviews*, October
(ENGLISH RADICAL LIBERAL BI-MONTHLY)

BEFORE the next number of this Review is published, there will be inaugurated in Washington a Conference of Great Powers, to discuss the possibility of limiting naval and military armaments and securing a better hope of world-peace. The people of the United States are intensely interested in its chances of success, and the women, especially, are organizing monster meetings, sending up resolutions to the American Senate, carrying out a campaign of popular propaganda, in order that waves of enthusiasm for world-disarmament may beat against the walls of the Conference Chamber, and

reach the ears of the international delegates.

What is happening in England with regard to that Conference in the minds of our people? Just nothing at all, as far as I can discover. The man in the street is not interested in it. The woman in the kitchen, or the suburban drawing-room, is interested in quite other things, and does not see at all what Washington means to her. She, and her husband, decline to believe that it means anything at all to either of them.

They are vitally concerned with the cost of living, the abominable difficulty

of getting decent house-room, the prospect — or present misery, for so many of them — of being without work or wages, and on the very edge of destitution, or over the edge. What is the use of talking about a conference at Washington between a lot of old and artful diplomats, about technical subjects like battleships and naval bases, to the people of Great Britain, who have nearly two million unemployed, whose trade and industry seem to be going to the devil, and whose conditions of life after the sacrifice of war, and absolute victory, are becoming intolerable? What they want to know is what is the Government going to do to help them here, and quickly, not with rhetoric and the hot-air of false promises, but in actual relief, and work, and decrease of taxation. They want to know why it is that, after many promises of 'homes for heroes,' there is frightful overcrowding in 180,000 houses condemned as unfit for human habitation, and a dearth of 400,000 houses urgently needed, so that, in thousands of back streets in all our great cities, and small towns, and tiny villages, families are herded together, with no chance for childhood against tuberculosis, eye-disease, and other ailments, and no decency of comfort for masses of men and women.

As far as they can make out from the papers, the Government intends to 'do something.' Mr. Lloyd George is preparing a 'big scheme.' Well, all they can say is that they have heard all that before, and he'd better be quick and get a move on this time! Meanwhile wages are being forced down, — 'cuts' here, and 'cuts' there, — and the standard of life which people learned to know and like during the war is being driven back to the old conditions of sweated labor. With what result? After reducing miners' wages, English coal is a drug on the market. Manufacturers everywhere cannot sell the

goods that are being turned out by half-time labor. There's something wrong with the State.

But, anyhow, what's the good of talking about such dull subjects as a conference at Washington, or the latest report of something that has been decided — an International Court of Justice! — among a lot of far-off pompousities calling themselves a League of Nations?

In some such way I guess that the average man and woman in England, Scotland, and Wales pooh-poohs that business which is going to begin at Washington. It has no actuality in their minds. It does not seem to have any reference to their own state of life, their own homes, wages, work, or hopes. And that is where they are utterly wrong, and hopelessly ignorant.

It seems to me a frightful thing that our people are still having dust thrown in their eyes by clever politicians, and the clever newspapers that support the clever politicians, and kept ignorant, largely, of the only possible remedy for their present discontent and the future misery that will inevitably close upon them if their ignorance remains unenlightened. The only remedy, as every politician and every journalist knows quite well, is the economic reconstruction of Europe by a wash-out of international debts, trade-restrictions, little wars sowing the seeds of big wars, the fatal old policy of the Balance of Power, and the burden of naval and military armaments which support that 'balance,' until it topples over again, with a new explosion lighting up the fields with the fires of hell.

There will be no real relief from unemployment in this country, no security of a living wage, no revival of trade, no chance of house-room for all, no progress in prosperity, until every nation in Europe is helping every other nation to get free of its strangling debts,

to rise from the ruins, and to restore its markets. There will be no recovery in England, at all, if we have to engage in a new competition for naval supremacy, or if we have to maintain the burden of armaments already upon us.

The Washington Conference is one of the chances we have of avoiding that competition, and slipping off some part of our present burden. The Government has just decided to build four new battleships, at a rough average cost of seven million pounds sterling each, with an additional cost of something like a hundred million pounds for new bases, docks, and other accessories. For the cost of these four battleships, which will be obsolete in four years from the laying down of their keels, the English people could have 40,000 new houses, which would last a century when built. *They cannot have both.* If we build battleships we cannot build houses, that is certain. If the Washington Conference fails, — and it will fail if there is lethargy instead of enthusiasm among the peoples represented, — it will mean that we shall be involved in a struggle to maintain a supreme navy, with the United States and Japan forcing the pace against each other; and in that case our present burden will be tremendously increased. Taxation will continue to keep us poor, restrict industrial enterprise, and prevent our competition on level terms with other countries like Germany, where compulsory limitation of armaments has been the one blessing she has gained out of the war.

All the financial experts, not only of this country but of the United States, are convinced that, unless Europe adopts a general agreement for the limitation of armies, ruin is close at hand for all of us. Even our own statesmen, like the Prime Minister and Mr. Winston Churchill, who supported a policy after peace which squandered

millions of money in Russia, Mesopotamia and other countries, and who rearranged the economic state of Europe in a way that prevented international coöperation, now see that rigid economy is enforced upon us, and that new Imperial ambitions must give way to hard realities, common-sense, and the demobilization of armed force as a way of argument. Yet they do not tell the people plainly how they stand. Even now the Prime Minister is preparing grandiose plans for dealing with unemployment, which can but be temporary expedients to stave off deeper distress, unless at the same time there is an Irish Peace, a cordial understanding with the United States at Washington for naval limitations, a modification of indemnities from Germany, and some kind of rescue in Russia for their twenty million starving people, whose labor produced good grain, which came to British ports.

Hard-working folk in this country are woefully indifferent to the menace about them. Even the question of Ireland does not excite them much; and among the masses of toiling folk there is no agonizing of soul lest by blunders of statesmanship or points of pride, on this side or the other, there should be a breakdown of the Conference and a declaration of war with our Irish kinsfolk. The horror of the thing, the shameful disgrace of such a war between our two peoples at this time of history, does not seem to reach the imagination of the mass of folk, who are busy with their wage troubles and their little discontents. But I can tell them that, if they allow their Government to drift into a real war in Ireland, upon any excuse of stupidity or stubbornness on the side of the Irish leaders, it will cost, not only the blood of brave youth, which we can ill spare after the Great Massacre of 1914–1918, but also millions of pounds, which will keep the cost of

living high, make their household expenses look more silly than at present, create wider areas of unemployment, and thrust us all into new miseries of spirit and of body. Those are certain facts, which English folk would do well to get fixed in their minds. They must insist upon peace with Ireland, — at least upon the absence of a bloody war with Ireland, — whatever happens, not only because war is an argument which will fail to kill the Irish claim to self-government until the last Irishman is dead, but because we cannot afford it in boyhood or in treasure. So it is with war in other parts of the world, and with preparations for war. For a long time to come, until the world goes mad again, we must have peace, or we must consent to ruin.

It is therefore the sacred duty, as well as the commonplace interest, of every soul alive in these islands of ours, to support by active interest, by passionate emotion, by private propaganda, such a world-chance as the Conference in Washington, which co-operates with the ideal of the League of Nations, though outside and beyond the League. We must send our best men there to represent our interests, our hopes, and our convictions. We need a great leader at Washington, a great voice speaking for the spirit of our people, and for all people overburdened by the folly of our time.

Where is such a man? There is one I know who has such a voice, whose vision is far reaching to the future,

whose heart is very human, with an understanding of plain people, who has a noble intelligence. It is General Smuts, whose wisdom helped us with Ireland, for the making of a truce, and who at the Imperial Conference was the noblest counselor. General Smuts is the biggest man we have in the Empire to-day, and it is he who, in the absence of the Prime Minister, should be our delegate in the Conference at Washington, which, in its success or failure, not only will decide very largely the chance of world-peace for this generation and the next, but will affect the pockets, the domestic happiness, the wages, the future conditions of men and women in mean streets and suburban towns. For if the Conference fails to limit a competition in battleships, we may whistle to a cold wind for comfort and prosperity; and if it does nothing to restore the fallen markets of Europe by easing nations of their military burden and their old fears of conflict, there will be a dreary chapter of history ahead for all of us.

It is time for our people to take an interest in things more serious than the arrival of Charlie Chaplin. Washington, Ireland, Russia, are three words which should wake them up and keep them thinking. Plain folk are not incapable of being interested in these questions, if the facts are given to them, and it is encouraging that 90,000 people have bought a leaflet on disarmament issued by the National Peace Council. Perhaps after all there is an awakening.

THE MIND OF MR. HARDING

BY JOHN L. BALDERSTON

From *The Outlook*, October 15
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE LITERARY WEEKLY)

THE Washington Conference was summoned by President Harding. If the character and motives of President Harding were better understood in Europe, her statesmen and publicists, to the advantage of all concerned, might cease attempts to read into America's first initiative toward world-peace motives, subtleties, fears, and ambitions that are not there.

Mr. Warren Gamaliel Harding is a country editor, a 'small-town' banker. Until after the final return of President Wilson from Paris, he probably knew less about European conditions, the war, or the issues that were fought out in Paris, than most readers of this article. Suddenly he found himself, 'a dark horse' candidate, catapulted into the Presidency, and since then he has had about as much time to inform himself about the affairs of the Old World as a British prime minister after he took up residence in Downing Street, would find to make up his Greek.

European observers often go wrong, I think, in assuming either that American diplomacy does not mean what it says and pursues hidden and devious ends, or, alternatively, that American diplomats are fools. A man may be simple and direct, he may even be ill-informed, so long as he does not think he knows what he does not know, and still not be an ass — especially if he knows how to keep his mouth shut. The Washington Conference, it seems to me, originated, through the initiative of the President, in some such manner as this. Mr. Harding found himself the head of

a government whose potential power in the world, because of the resources of his country, its economic, geographical, military, and naval position, is great. Mr. Harding was not only the President, but head of the political party which had rejected the work of his predecessor in Paris, refused to ratify the Peace Treaty, and repudiated the League of Nations. However cogent the reasons for this latter repudiation, the ideals which produced the League continue to exist in the United States, and many of the most bitter opponents of the Paris Treaty have felt, and feel, hurt and sore that their country, although, as they think, rightly, was compelled to hold herself aloof. They have been most anxious that the United States should use her influence for peace; patriotism led them to reject the League, but they looked about for some other means of making America's influence felt, for the good of the world and of America. Such thoughts as these, in the mind of an honest, straightforward country editor and banker, without special knowledge or remarkable intellectual powers, with no diplomatic training, but endowed with character and common sense, who found himself elevated to great power, would result naturally and inevitably in such a move as Mr. Harding has made. No more recondite explanation is needed.

Looked at in this light, the attitude of Washington is consistent and clear. President Harding looks about the world, anxious that America should do her share toward reconstruction, and

decides, as would any sensible man that another great war must mean the end of civilization, and that such a war is threatened in the Pacific. He sees, moreover, that the two powers whose interests clash in that ocean are wasting their resources in building against each other, and, moreover, are setting a naval pace that, for many reasons, must cause tension between the great English-speaking nations. Seeing these things, President Harding remembers how his predecessor went to Paris to set right the injustices of ages and bring to birth a new world, and believes, in the simplicity of his 'small-town' banker's heart, that Mr. Wilson failed because Mr. Wilson bit off more than he could chew. Accordingly, the President has invited the powers interested in the Pacific to a limited discussion, at which an effort will be made to harmonize Pacific policies as a necessary preliminary to the reduction of naval armaments; he does not exclude land armaments from the agenda, observing that the French army estimates, even taking into account the depreciation of the franc, represent, now that Germany has disarmed and France faces no enemy on the Continent, a greater sum than was expended on the French army in 1914, when the menace on the Rhine was foreseen and about to break forth. President Harding's desire to reach an agreement on Pacific problems and thus to make possible a reduction of naval armaments, if his aim can be attained, will be a cautious first step toward world-peace and reconstruction. If at this time he declines to permit other issues, admittedly of great importance, to be raised in Washington, he does so with the tragedy of Paris in his mind, and in earnest and humble anxiety not to make Mr. Wilson's mistake and try to do too much at once.

America's aims, I believe, have been correctly interpreted in what has been

set down above. But, alas! the wise-aces of the world would see more deeply into the heart of things. Japanese comment appears to indicate that in Japan the Washington Conference is thought of as a subtle attempt by the United States to drag Japan before a court of the powers and impose upon her, with British and other assistance, an American-Pacific policy. In France, too, this view seems to be widely accepted, and French publicists are debating for what considerations, expressed in terms of cash or credit or anti-German agreements, France will back up Washington against the Island Empire. And even in England, over-sophisticated personages discuss whether the peril to India, assumed to be involved in 'slighting' Japan, can be held to outweigh the supposed benefits to be gained by supporting the United States in the Pacific. London newspapers, with these things in mind, debate the strategic position of Great Britain at Hongkong, the 'key to the Pacific.' A war in the Pacific, in which Great Britain gets herself involved on either side, at any time in the immediate future, must mean the break up of society as it is known in these islands; within two years after the outbreak of such a war, the British public would care as much about Hongkong, the 'key to the Pacific,' as a starving Russian *moujik* on the Volga cares today for Port Arthur or the fortress of Erzerum.

Is it possible that the wise men of Europe and Japan, much cleverer and better informed about world affairs than President Harding, can be induced to set aside considerations which, I make bold to say, have never entered the American President's head? If the answer is in the negative, the Washington Conference will fail. The wise men of Europe can again shake their heads afterward over the unutterable *naïveté* of the Americans, whom they will find

unable to fathom the formulas of civilized diplomats, woefully ignorant, incredibly stupid. And we shall be, not where we were, but in a much worse position, because the American public, its hopes dashed, will be in a sullen and suspicious mood, and ready to sanction renewed piling up of armaments, and to extort, if possible, Europe's uttermost farthing in payment of debt.

Yet might it not be well were the aim of the country editor and 'small-town' banker to be sought sincerely by the world at Washington in the spirit in which Mr. Harding would seek it? For Mr. Harding's desire to reach a Pacific understanding and to reduce armament is in the interests of all. He wishes to attain this aim without entangling his country in any other world-issues at the moment, and, above all, without involving himself in alliances or special understandings with any powers against

any others. If the other nations concerned are willing to become as little children, and go to Washington without other aims or ambitions than the restricted ones which Mr. Harding seeks, without plots and plans to trip up each other's heels, great good may result. It is asking a great deal of brilliant casuists, subtle hair-splitters, masters of the lifted eye-brow and the fluttering lid, to sit around a table and adapt their thoughts and their utterances to the simple mentality of the country daily and the 'small-town' bank. But if they find themselves unable to do this, the delegates will learn that their Yankee hosts, while unable to meet them in dialectic, will unreasonably and with exasperating bluntness refuse to 'do business'—and Congress will possibly speed the parting guests by voting half a dozen more dreadnoughts.

SHAKESPEAREAN MARES'-NESTS

BY GORDON CROSSE

From *The London Mercury*, October
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

WE are apt to think that the strange prodigies which persistently haunt our modern Shakespearean literature are a kind of Nemesis following on the extravagances of the romantic critics. Coleridge and his fellows, we say, sowed the dragon's teeth when they exalted Shakespeare from the greatest of poets to the principle of poetic excellence, from the mirror of Nature to 'an omnipresent creativeness'; and we reap the harvest in a perennial crop of odd theo-

ries about him. Some people cannot believe that the poet who evoked these rhapsodies was just a dramatist writing plays to be acted and read. So they set to work to hunt for mysteries, and we find one writer interpreting *Othello* as an elaborate parable of the Reformation and *King Lear* as an allegory of the parties and politics of the Court of Henry VIII; others counting lines and words and letters for cryptograms; and others again attributing the plays to

Francis Bacon, to the Earl of Rutland, to the Earl of Oxford, or to anyone but their reputed author.

This is to some extent a true diagnosis, but it is not the whole truth. In fact, people used to go mare's-nesting in Shakespeare long before Coleridge was born. The difference between the two periods is that, while the modern outbreaks of this kind are really a corrupt following of the romantics, those of the eighteenth century were the result of a popular enthusiasm independent of the critics. We do not always recognize that the revolution in Shakespearean criticism brought about by Coleridge, Lamb, and Hazlitt, was really a palace revolution. They dethroned the prevailing methods of criticism, the tradition which men like Pope and Johnson and the brothers Warton had inherited from Dryden. But one important reason why the new romantic criticism made such an easy conquest was that the great body of readers and play-goers already held, in an inarticulate and often rather unintelligent way, the views which the romantics put into words. Gibbon, for example, speaks in his *Memoir* of the 'idolatry for the gigantic genius of Shakespeare which is inculcated from our infancy as the first duty of an Englishman.' Boswell complains that 'a blind indiscriminating admiration of Shakespeare had [by 1765] exposed the British nation to the ridicule of foreigners.' And Burke, in a letter written in 1777, is 'far from sure that an indiscriminate admiration for this poet has not done something toward hurting our taste in England.'

From this state of opinion there arose a natural but rather irrational kind of cult, which included Shakespeare himself as well as his work. His personal appearance, his private life, his relations with his contemporaries, his attitude toward the events of his time, all became the subjects of curiosity. Un-

fortunately, the traditions preserved by his first biographer, Rowe, and the sober researches of antiquaries like Malone could not satisfy this demand; and in the attempt to procure information from more questionable sources public enthusiasm ran into strange follies. The headlong haste with which even educated men rushed into Ireland's booby-trap shows that this enthusiasm was not necessarily combined with sound scholarship or with an intelligent appreciation of Shakespeare's genuine work. And the Ireland forgeries were only the climax of a series of minor attempts to exploit the general interest in Shakespeare. The public was always prepared, at a moment's notice, to become excited over anything that concerned him; and the surest way to draw attention to any portrait, play, or other document was to connect it with his name, a fact of which forgers and theorists of all kinds took full advantage.

The booksellers also reaped a share in the harvest. In the first half of the century the Shakespearean folios and quartos could be picked up for small sums, like other old books of no special value. In his second edition of Shakespeare, published in 1778, Steevens noted that buyers were beginning to pay fancy prices for them.

Very lately one and two guineas have been paid for a quarto; the first folio is usually valued at seven or eight; but what price may be expected for it hereafter is not very easy to be determined, the conscience of Mr. Fox, Bookseller, Holborn, having lately permitted him to ask no less than *two guineas* for *two leaves* out of a mutilated copy of that impression, though he had several, almost equally defective, in his shop. The second folio is commonly rated at two or three guineas.

By 1795 the bibliophiles were still more hot upon the trail, and in that year Steevens notes that as much as

£17 6s. 6d. had been paid for a quarto and from £25 to £35 14s. for a first folio. In 1796 the library of Dodd the actor was sold by auction, and his nine Shakespearean quartos brought in £33 10s. 6d., the highest price paid being £8 15s. for a *Romeo and Juliet* of 1599. At a sale in 1799 a first folio fetched £40 19s., the highest price yet recorded.

This was sport for the few. The majority, when they were not content with the legitimate pleasure to be derived from reading the plays or seeing them acted, still wanted to know more about Shakespeare himself and his opinions. What did he think about Queen Elizabeth, about the Reformation, about the Spanish Armada, about Ireland? In default of external evidence, the commentators ransacked the plays for hints on these subjects. The first to be detected was the compliment paid to Queen Elizabeth as the 'fair vestal throned by the West' in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. This was noted by Rowe in 1709. Forty years later Warburton evolved from it an elaborate allegory of the fortunes of Mary, Queen of Scots, her relations with Elizabeth, her marriage to the Dauphin, and the rebellion of 1569; and much fierce controversy ensued.

From these seekers after hidden treasure we turn to those who took advantage of the prevailing enthusiasm for Shakespeare to credit him with works which he never wrote. The problems raised by the 'doubtful' plays attributed to him on the title-pages of early editions, or from internal evidence, belong to the domain of scholarship. We are now concerned with obvious absurdities or downright forgeries. The earliest of these, for which the name of forgery is perhaps too harsh, stands to the credit of Lewis Theobald, whose skill, amounting to genius, as a textual critic is equaled only by his

utter lack of taste in all other departments of criticism. In 1727 he announced that he had discovered an unpublished play by Shakespeare, which was in due course produced at Drury Lane under the title *Double Falsehood, or the Distrest Lovers*, and achieved a run of ten nights. It is characteristic of Theobald's vanity that, when a critic picked out certain lines for special praise, he at once responded that he had written them himself while preparing the play for the stage. The truth seems to be that he had got hold of a seventeenth-century play, or fragment of one, which he may have persuaded himself was Shakespeare's work, — though it was, in fact, written by an author of the calibre of Shirley or Massinger, — and dished it up with additions of his own; but nobody took the affair very seriously, and it was soon forgotten.

The political tract known as the *Compendious Examination* is noteworthy as the only work wholly in prose (other than letters and legal documents) ever attributed to Shakespeare. It was originally issued in 1581 (when the poet was seventeen) by 'W. S. Gentleman.' This signature, together with the prevailing interest in anything that concerned Shakespeare, appeared sufficient justification for republishing it in 1751 as his work, a reference by the writer to Queen Elizabeth's 'clemency in pardoning certayne his unduetifull misdemeanour' being supposed to allude to his poaching exploits. The imposture survived till 1765, when Dr. Farmer, in his tract on *The Learning of Shakespeare*, had no difficulty in exposing its absurdity.

The play and the pamphlet, though neither had anything to do with Shakespeare, were, at any rate, products of his age. We now come to deliberate fabrications. About the middle of the century a pamphlet suddenly appeared from nowhere in particular, dealing

with the relations of Shakespeare, Ford, and Jonson. It was assigned vaguely to 'the reign of Charles I,' and its main point was that Jonson accused Ford of having purloined his *Lover's Melancholy* 'from Shakespeare's papers by the connivance of Hemminge and Condell.'

Twenty-five years later Steevens took this story seriously enough to include extracts from the pamphlet in his first edition of Shakespeare, published in 1773, and it reappeared in successive editions till 1790. In that year a rival editor, Edmond Malone, exploded it by proving that it was a concoction of 1748, apparently got up by some actors in order to suggest that the *Lover's Melancholy*, which was about to be revived on the stage, was really by Shakespeare.

It is strange that Steevens should have been so taken in, seeing that he was not only a brilliant scholar, but himself an accomplished practical joker. Much of his antiquarian work indeed was marred because he could never restrain his talent for mischief. Many of his notes were designed rather to hoax his readers and exasperate his fellow critics than to elucidate Shakespeare. Genuine scholarship is mixed up in them with quotations from 'old plays' and 'old ballads' of his own invention; and if a note was more than usually ridiculous, or contained an indecent implication, he would sign it with the name of a respectable clergyman against whom he bore a grudge. On one occasion he forged a letter purporting to be written by Peele the dramatist, and describing a meeting with Shakespeare and others when 'we were all verie merrie at the Globe.' This fabrication was easily detected, but some of Steevens's mystifications long survived, to irritate or amuse later commentators.

But these mild deceptions faded into insignificance before the achievements of William Henry Ireland, who de-

serves a place among the world's greatest forgers, more by virtue of the audacity of his conceptions than from his skill in executing them. His father, Samuel Ireland, was an engraver and dealer in prints, with a liking for 'old and curious tracts,' and an intense devotion to Shakespeare. His son shared these tastes, and as clerk to a conveyancer, acquired some familiarity with archaic handwriting and phraseology. In 1794, when he was in his seventeenth year, he visited Stratford with his father, and the two feasted their eyes and ears on the places associated with their idol and the stories that were current about him. By the middle of the eighteenth century the inhabitants of the place had forgotten all about their illustrious fellow townsman; but in 1769 Garrick had reintroduced him to their notice by holding his absurd 'Shakespeare Jubilee' there; and from that time onward a supply of relics and legends was duly forthcoming for the benefit of credulous visitors. None can have been more credulous than the Irelands, and their excitement reached fever-heat when they visited Clopton House and were assured by the owner, 'a Mr. Williams,' that only a fortnight earlier he had burned several basketsful of old letters and papers, many with Shakespeare's name 'wrote upon them,' 'in order to clear a small chamber for some young partridges which I wish to bring up alive.'

Apparently, this cock-and-bull story suggested to the younger Ireland the exploit that made his name famous. He was genuinely distressed at the supposed loss, and he seems to have thought that the next best thing to discovering genuine relics was to manufacture false ones. While necessarily conscious of his own fraud, he could never completely rid his mind of the notion that a document such as Shakespeare might have written, in Elizabethan writing, spell-

ing, and phraseology, must be of some value as a kind of link with the poet, if it purported to be written by him.

Originally, he declares, his object was 'mere frolick and diversion' and to 'shew how far *credulity* would go in the search for antiquities.' In this, at any rate, he was amply justified. His earliest efforts, produced in the autumn of 1794, were received with such avidity by his father and by others who should have known better, that he was soon engaged in pouring out a stream of legal documents and letters. One of these, which he attributed to Queen Elizabeth herself, begins 'Wee didde receive youre prettye Verses, goode Masterre William'; another was from the poet to his 'Dearesste Anna,' enclosing a lock of his hair. For this purpose Ireland afterwards confessed that he made use of one 'which in my boyish days had been given me as a *gage d'amour*, conceiving it very appropriate to my purpose.' He was not always so frivolous, for one of his earliest attempts was a formal Profession of Faith, which he drew up in the poet's name, 'wishing thereby,' he says, 'to prove *Shakespear* a Protestant.' This use of the word 'prove' throws light on the curious mixture of simplicity and cunning in Ireland's character. He seems almost to have been taken in by his own tricks. So again he went to the trouble of forging manuscripts of the whole of *King Lear* and part of *Hamlet*, and introducing alterations from the printed text designed to make the world believe that the 'ribaldry' in the plays was 'foistered in by the players and printers,' whereby he maintains that, so far from injuring the poet, he has actually done him a service. A single quotation will show his qualifications for rewriting Shakespeare. The line,

I killed the slave that was a-hanging thee,

appears thus in his version: —

O Yesse hye heavennes twas I kylld the slave
Thatte didde rounde thye softe neck the murder-
ous
And damnedde corde entwine.

Ireland's strange spellings and wooden verse might well have roused suspicion in the most credulous; yet so eager was the literary public at this time for anything that seemed to bear on Shakespeare's life and personality, that many people swallowed the forgeries without hesitation. 'I should never have gone so far,' Ireland wrote in his confession, 'but that the world praised the papers so much, and thereby flattered my vanity.'

In February, 1795, twenty-one eminent men, after inspecting the documents, signed a paper declaring themselves 'convinced of their authenticity.' At the private view of the 'originals,' Dr. Parr exclaimed that the Profession of Faith 'distanced' all the 'many fine things in our church service'; 'at which,' says Ireland, excusably enough, 'I scarce could refrain from laughter.' The egregious Poet Laureate, Pye, was another believer; and Boswell, with his usual talent for making himself ridiculous, fell on his knees before the papers, kissed them, and gave thanks that he had lived to see the day. Happily for his peace of mind, he did not long survive it, dying in the following May before the bubble burst.

In response to the natural question how such precious things should come into his possession, Ireland at first concocted a story of an anonymous owner who would only communicate them to the world through him; but as time went on, and the deception continued to flourish, this seemed too tame, and he invented an ancestor of the same name as himself, who had saved Shakespeare from drowning. This story was supported by a legal document in which the grateful bard related how this Ireland 'pulledd off his jerrekynne and

jumpedd inne afterre mee . . . and see he dydd save mye life.' Accordingly he made over his papers to his benefactor, from whom they descended to our hero.

At last he ventured to 'discover' among them an entirely new play entitled *Vortigern*, which, as public interest in the affair was still unabated, Sheridan agreed to produce at Drury Lane. But the inevitable reaction and exposure was now at hand. Ireland had taken pains to concoct a fluid which might pass for ink two hundred years old. Paper had always been an awkward problem, and he had at first endeavored to solve it by writing as many as possible of his forgeries on the fly-leaves and margins of old books. Later on he grew bolder, and when he followed up *Vortigern* with another play, *Henry II*, he produced only a copy in his own writing, and believers were content to accept his assurance that the original manuscript was in his possession. But, apart from these material difficulties, his clumsy attempts at reproducing Elizabethan spelling (mainly by doubling as many consonants as possible) and phraseology, not to mention his complete inability to imitate Shakespeare's style, made discovery certain.

The wonder is that, in face of all the difficulties, a youth of nineteen could keep up the imposture for well over a year. The genuine scholars were skeptical from the first. Person ridiculed the whole business by producing some absurd Greek verses as a newly discovered fragment of Sophocles, and Steevens openly expressed his disbelief. But Ireland was even more alarmed at the attitude of Ritson, an antiquary, who was equally famous for his learning and his vitriolic pen. In a striking passage of his confession Ireland describes the agonies of apprehension which he suffered when the great

scholar came to inspect the manuscripts, examined them with expressionless face, and departed without a word.

The actual task of exposure, however, was reserved for Malone; and his opportunity came when, in December, 1795, the whole of the fabrications, except the two original plays, were published in a folio volume, enlivened by drawings from Shakespeare's hand. Malone's laborious learning found congenial employment in an exhaustive exposure of the calligraphy, spelling, phraseology, and contents of the papers, and the results of his investigation appeared in an *Inquiry* of four hundred pages, which was published, no doubt by design, two days before the performance of *Vortigern*. But even before this the public had lost all confidence in Ireland and his works. The actors, sensitive to this change of temperature, and cognizant of Malone's forthcoming book, began to fight shy of their engagement. Mrs. Siddons declined to appear in the play, and Kemble, with sardonic humor, fixed the performance for April 1, 1796. Ireland induced him to postpone it till the next day, but actors and audience alike refused to take the play seriously, and, as Kemble uttered the fatal line, —

And when this solemn mockery is o'er, —

a universal burst of derision completed the catastrophe.

Ireland now took the only course open to him in the face of Malone's unanswerable volume, and published *An Authentic Account of the Shakespearean Manuscripts*, in which he tells his story with a thoroughness and complacency reminiscent of Browning's *Sludge the Medium*, asks forgiveness for 'the act of a boy,' and exculpates his father from any complicity in the fraud. He passed the remainder of his life in obscurity.

The affair was not without lasting

effect on Shakespearean scholarship, for, by a curious accident, it started the controversy over the Sonnets, which still seems to be as far as ever from a satisfactory settlement. It is at first sight remarkable that, with all the interest in Shakespeare's life and personality, the eighteenth-century writers had almost entirely overlooked the Sonnets. Two reasons may account for this omission. In 1640, a publisher named Benson had brought out a volume of Shakespeare's minor poems; and to make it more attractive, had reshuffled the order of the Sonnets out of all recognition; mixed them up with poems from *The Passionate Pilgrim*, and cut up the whole into sections headed with catchy titles: *The Glory of Beautie*, *Injurious Time*, and so forth. For more than a hundred years every edition of the Poems, with one exception, followed this higgledy-piggledy arrangement, with the result that, if anyone wanted to read the Sonnets, he could obtain them only in a form which concealed all their meaning and much of their beauty.

In 1760 Steevens published them in their original form; but his commentary was confined to the single remark that they 'seem to be authentic,' a question about which there was still some doubt. Twenty years later Malone produced the first critical edition; but with all his keenness in searching out facts bearing upon the poet's life, he does not seem to have suspected that the Sonnets had any light to throw upon this subject, though two or three earlier critics had supplied hints which he might have been expected to follow up. One of these, John Oldys, the antiquary, who died in 1761, was the first person to catch a whiff of scandal in the Sonnets. In his notes for a *Life of Shakespeare* he had jotted down a random guess that numbers XCII and XCIII 'seem to have been addressed

by Shakespeare to his beautiful wife on some suspicion of her infidelity.' But this was soon found to be a false scent, and was not followed. Scholars whose knowledge of the poems was not confined to the Benson farrago and its reissues had already turned their heads in a different direction, and were seeking for a clue in the dedication 'To Mr. W. H.' Farmer was the first to make a definite suggestion. He 'supposed that many of these Sonnets were addressed to our author's nephew, Mr. William Harte.' This unfortunate suggestion proved stillborn, for, as Malone pointed out, Harte was only nine years old when the Sonnets were published. Tyrwhitt, who came next, had better luck. He detected the apparent pun in the twentieth Sonnet, —

A man in hew all *Hews* in his controlling, —

and inferred from it that Mr. W. H. was someone named Hughes. . . .

Things became more lively when George Chalmers took a hand in the game. Though a man of real learning, Chalmers had believed in the Ireland forgeries, and he spent a good deal of the rest of his life in showing that, even if his belief was false, he had good reason for holding it. In particular, he had persuaded himself that the letter in which Elizabeth thanked Shakespeare for his 'prettye Verses' must refer to the Sonnets, and after the exposure he was still convinced that the Sonnets were sent to the Queen. This is a remarkable instance of the almost hypnotic power which Ireland exercised over his dupes as well as himself. Chalmers seems to have thought that, even if the letter was a forgery, its contents somehow remained true. At any rate, he was determined to show that he was not wrong in the theory he had built on it; and in his *Apology for the Believers in the Shakespeare Papers* (1797), and *Supplemental Apology* (1799), he main-

tained, not only that the Sonnets were sent to Elizabeth, but, what was much more startling, that they were actually addressed to her. Later on, Boswell suggested that Chalmers did not mean this theory to be taken seriously. But the vehemence with which he maintained it precludes this charitable hypothesis. Yet, however fantastic Chalmers's theory may have seemed, it had the effect of starting an entirely fresh hare, which has been running with considerable vitality ever since. Hitherto the critics had assumed that when the publisher called Mr. W. H. 'the onlie begetter' of the Sonnets, he meant 'inspirer,' and that therefore Mr. W. H. was the friend to whom many of them were addressed. Now, whatever terms of respect or endearment might be applied to Queen Elizabeth, she could not well be called 'Mr. W. H.' So Chalmers had to get over the difficulty by explaining that 'begetter' meant the 'getter of the manuscript,' the person who procured it for the

publisher, and that this person had nothing to do with the contents of the Sonnets. This is the only part of his contribution which had any lasting value; for, needless to say, no one accepted his piece of mild scandal about Queen Elizabeth, or believed that, when she was turned sixty, Shakespeare was urging her to marry and warning her of what would happen when she came to be forty.

With this theory the tale of eighteenth-century mare's-nests reaches its climax. The belief that the Sonnets shrouded a mystery, and that that mystery may have had something to do with high life, was now fairly started on its career. The Earls of Pembroke and Southampton were waiting at the wings. Their actual appearance as candidates for the position of Mr. W. H. falls outside the eighteenth century, and respect for the high authorities who have supported their claims forbids the inclusion of those claims in an article on mares'-nests.

JOHN HAY AND THE OPEN DOOR

BY W. S. A. POTT

From The Weekly Review of the Far East, October 1
(SHANGHAI POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC JOURNAL)

THE doctrine known as the Open Door is certain to figure more or less prominently at the forthcoming conference on Pacific and Far Eastern questions. Notwithstanding the acceptance of the Open Door in China by the several Powers, there have resulted amongst them different and conflicting practices. This has led to charges of evasion and violation of the Open Door. Assuming

that there have been infractions of the policy, it yet remains true that the divergent practices are in part due to divergent theories or interpretations.

The origin of the Open Door as applying to China is more or less a matter of common knowledge. After the defeat of China by Japan in 1894 China lay like a stranded whale whose blubber was coveted by the chief Powers of Europe.

They not only seized territory, but secured from the Chinese themselves concessions for mines, railways, commercial privileges and spheres of influence or interest. Writing to a friend in March 1899, John Hay, then Secretary of State, said: 'We are, of course, opposed to the dismemberment of that Empire, and we do not think that the public opinion of the United States would justify the government in taking part in the great game of spoliation now going on.' In September 1899, Mr. Hay addressed to London, Berlin and St. Petersburg his famous note on the Open Door. The Powers addressed did not reply promptly. England was the first to accede; the others stated their sympathy with the principle, but refrained at the time from any formal endorsement. Mr. Hay, after a sufficient delay, sent word to each that in view of the favorable replies from all the others, he regarded that Power's acceptance as 'final and definitive.' Two months later he addressed a similar circular on the Open Door to France, Italy, and Japan all of which gave assurances to respect the principle.

There was nothing new in the phrase, 'Open Door.' In so far as it stood for the fact of free commercial intercourse with all nations, it had existed here and there in Europe for a long time. Great Britain in particular had always advocated this sort of open door. She now holds more colonies by far than all the other Powers together. Until two years ago she maintained for generations, so far as her control extended, an open door for the trade of other nations and set up no special imperialistic preferences for herself. In its application to China, however, the phrase 'Open Door' has taken on a political as well as a commercial meaning, and there is little doubt but that John Hay intended that such should be the case.

In order to appreciate the possibility

of varying interpretations of the Open Door, it is necessary to mention a portion of the text of Mr. Hay's circular on the subject. He asked of the Powers that 'each within its sphere of whatever influence —

'First. Will in no way interfere with any treaty port or any vested interest within any so-called "sphere of interest" or leased territory it may have in China.

'Second. That the Chinese treaty tariff of the time being shall apply to all merchandise landed or shipped to all such ports as are within such said "sphere of interest" (unless they be "free ports"), no matter to what nationality it may belong, and that duties so leviable shall be collected by the Chinese Government.

'Third. That it will levy no higher harbor dues on vessels of another nationality frequenting any port in such "sphere" than shall be levied on vessels of its own nationality, and no higher railroad charges over lines built, controlled, or operated within its "sphere" on merchandise belonging to citizens or subjects of other nationalities transported through such "sphere" than shall be levied on similar merchandise belonging to its own nationals transported over equal distances.'

Mr. Hay, it should be noted, did not ask that the several Powers give up their spheres of influence. Nor did he ask that they should not seek any further spheres of influence. The Hay Note was, in fact, a recognition of spheres of influence — as necessary evils no doubt, but still as hard facts, the abolition of which he could not go so far as to request. In other words, he asked for all he could reasonably expect to get at the time. Furthermore, it will be seen that the three propositions in Mr. Hay's note do not by any means cover all commercial activities and situations in which discrimination can be

practised. Finally, in the various notes and treaties between the different Powers subsequent to the formulation of the Hay Doctrine there is always some sort of mention of the preservation of China's territorial integrity or to the maintenance of the Open Door and the territorial integrity of China. Of course the phrase, territorial integrity, has itself come to be ambiguous; but it is only necessary to observe here that the two terms, 'Open Door' and 'territorial integrity' do not necessarily imply each other, and as a matter of fact, have not done so. The constant coupling of the two terms might lead one to construe then as meaning one and the same thing. But in the policy of nations other than the United States, they have not usually been treated as such.

Accordingly, it would seem that there are at least three sorts of Open Door now being applied in China. They can be graded in a scale of liberality.

The narrowest and least liberal is what we may call the Japanese Open Door. This may be characterized as an adherence to the mere letter of the Hay Note. Accordingly, territorial integrity has nothing to do with the Open Door, and anything can be done to China without prejudice to her 'territorial integrity' short of absolute deprivation of political sovereignty. Article IV of the notorious Twenty-One Demands can thus contain a preliminary statement about 'effectively preserving the territorial integrity of China.' Consequently, some of the methods of Japan have earned the undesirable epithet of of 'economic imperialism.'

The second sort of Open Door is a strictly commercial policy. But, as such, it goes beyond the observation of the barest requirements as to equality of commercial opportunity outlined in the Hay Note. It is also opposed to any further acquisitions of spheres of influence or other virtual monopolies. It

however, believes in the consolidation by open and legitimate means of any gains obtained prior to the Hay circular. It is in the nature of a self-limiting policy for the purpose of providing a *modus vivendi* between competing nations in China. It looks upon any further encroachments upon China as violations of the Open Door, and is desirous of preserving the *status quo*. This view may be called the European view of the Open Door.

The third view gives to the Open Door a comprehensive political, as well as a strictly commercial, significance. It regards any infringement of the principle of equality of commercial opportunity as *ipso facto* an infringement of China's territorial integrity. Conversely, it considers any impairment of her territorial integrity as a violation of the Open Door. It believes in an Open Door not merely in China between competing foreign powers, but also an Open Door primarily for China in order that China may have the fullest possible opportunities for self-development. That is the American Open Door, although it is also upheld by more liberal British opinion.

We owe this third and most liberal theory of the Open Door to Mr. Hay more than to any other one man. It goes very far beyond the letter of the famous circular letter of 1899, but it is well at the present time to remind ourselves of what was Mr. Hay's attitude toward China. Some of his published statements reveal unmistakably what this attitude was.¹ In an address on 'American Diplomacy,' which was delivered at the New York Chamber of Commerce Dinner in 1901, Mr. Hay said:—

'If we are not permitted to say what we have done, we can at least say a word about what we have tried to do,

¹ See Thayer's Life of John Hay

and the principles which have guided our action. The briefest expression of our rule of conduct is perhaps, the *Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule*. With this simple chart we can hardly go far wrong.'

In March 1899, before the dispatch of the circular note, he wrote confidentially to Paul Dana the letter from which we have quoted in the beginning of this article.

What John Hay did in China's behalf after the Boxer Rebellion and at the time of the Russo-Japanese war should also be borne in mind. After the Boxer troubles, when China was again in danger of being vivisected by the Powers and Germany was particularly aggressive and vindictive, Hay did more than any other statesman to save the Empire.

In a letter to a friend he wrote:—

'About China, it is the devil's own mess. We cannot publish all the facts without breaking off relations with several Powers. We shall have to do the best we can, and take the consequences, which will be pretty serious, I do not doubt. "Give and take"—the axiom of diplomacy to the rest of the world—is positively forbidden to us, by both the Senate and public opinion.'

By 'give and take' Hay meant bargain-counter methods. In another portion of the same letter Hay said:—

'I take it you agree with us that we are to limit as far as possible our military operations in China, to withdraw our troops at the earliest day consistent with our obligations, and in the final adjustment to do everything we can for the integrity and reform of China, and to hold on like grim death to the Open Door. . . .

In a letter to Henry Adams written about the same time are these words:—

'What a business this has been in China. So far we have gotten on by being honest and fair. . . . At least, we are spared the infamy of an alliance with Germany. I would rather, I think,

be the dupe of China, than the chum of the Kaiser.'

In 1905 the Kaiser, feeling his isolation and wishing to humiliate France, started a rumor that a powerful coalition headed by France was under formation and directed against the integrity of China and the Open Door. The Kaiser asked the United States to send around a circular calling for a statement that none of the Powers had any latent designs directed against the Open Door or integrity of China. Mr. Hay did not know at the time the motive of the Kaiser but he thought it would do no harm to send a self-denying circular, which he promptly did. In his diary are these entries:—

'What the whole performance meant to the Kaiser it is difficult to see. But there is no possible doubt that we have scored for China.'

'Our policy is not to demand any territorial advantage and to do what we can to keep China entire.'

If the foregoing attempt to distinguish between the different kinds of Open Door is at all correct, then it is apparent that there is a need for clearer definition of the term and a common understanding of just what the term means in discussions where it figures. Otherwise there will always be problems of the Far East that may or may not be amicably settled.

Furthermore, if what we have shown to be John Hay's view of the Open Door is the fairest view of the Open Door so far as China is concerned, then it must follow, that what has been called 'altitudinous' diplomacy can no longer be practised. For this there must be substituted a diplomacy of the Hay type which is a diplomacy of and for human beings and is sensitive to the hopes and aspirations of four hundred million human beings in China. The Hay Open Door, we repeat, is an Open Door not only *in*, but also *for* China.

EAST AND WEST

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

From *The Modern Review*, September

(CALCUTTA LITERARY AND CURRENT-AFFAIRS MONTHLY)

It is not always a profound interest in man that carries travelers nowadays to distant lands. More often it is the facility for rapid movement. For lack of time and for the sake of convenience, we generalize, and crush human facts flat in the packages inside our steel trunks that hold our traveler's reports.

Our knowledge of our own countrymen, and our feelings about them have slowly and unconsciously grown out of innumerable facts, which are full of contradictions and subject to incessant change. They have the elusive mystery and fluidity of life. We cannot define to ourselves what we are as a whole, because we know too much; because our knowledge is more than knowledge. It is an immediate consciousness of personality, any evaluation of which carries some emotion, joy or sorrow, shame or exaltation. But in a foreign land, we try to find our compensation for the meagreness of our data by the compactness of the generalization which our imperfect sympathy itself helps us to form. When a stranger from the West travels in the Eastern world, he takes the facts that displease him and readily makes use of them for his rigid conclusions, fixed upon the unchallengeable authority of his personal experience. It is like a man who has his own boat for crossing his village stream, but, on being compelled to wade across some strange watercourse, draws angry comparisons, as he goes, from every patch of mud and every pebble that his feet encounter.

Our mind has faculties which are

universal, but its habits are insular. There are men who become impatient and angry at the least discomfort, when these habits are incommoded. In their idea of the next world, they probably conjure up the ghosts of their slippers and dressing-gowns, and expect the latch-key that opens their lodging-house door on earth to fit their door-lock in the other world. As travelers they are a failure; for they have grown too accustomed to their mental easy-chairs, and in their intellectual nature love home-comforts, which are of local make, more than the realities of life, which, like earth itself, are full of ups and downs, yet are one in their rounded completeness.

The modern age has brought the geography of the earth near to us, but made it difficult for us to come into touch with man. We go to strange lands and observe; we do not live there. We hardly meet men, but only specimens of knowledge. We are in haste to seek for general types, and overlook individuals.

When we fall into the habit of neglecting to use the understanding that comes of sympathy, in our travels, our knowledge of foreign people grows insensitive, and therefore easily becomes both unjust and cruel in its character, and also selfish and contemptuous in its application. Such has, too often been the case with regard to the meeting of Western people, in our days, with others to whom they do not recognize any obligation of kinship.

It has been admitted that the deal-

ings between different races of men are not merely between individuals; that our mutual understanding is either aided, or else obstructed, by the general emanations forming the social atmosphere. These emanations are our collective ideas and collective feelings, generated according to special historical circumstances.

For instance, the caste-idea is a collective idea in India. When we approach an Indian, who is under the influence of this collective idea, he is no longer a pure individual, with his conscience fully awake to the judging of the value of a human being. He is more or less a passive medium for giving expression to the sentiment of a whole community.

It is evident that the caste-idea is not creative; it is merely institutional. It adjusts human beings according to some mechanical arrangement. It emphasizes the negative side of the individual — his separateness. It hurts the complete truth in man.

In the West, also, the people have a certain collective idea that obscures their humanity. Let me try to explain what I feel about it.

Lately I went to visit some battle-fields of France, which had been devastated by war. The awful calm of desolation, which still bore wrinkles of pain, — death-struggles stiffened into ugly ridges, — brought before my mind the vision of a huge demon, which had no shape, no meaning, yet had two arms that could strike and break and tear, a gaping mouth that could devour, and bulging brains that could conspire and plan. It was a purpose, which had a living body, but no complete humanity to temper it. Because it was passion, — belonging to life, and yet not having the wholeness of life, — it was the most terrible of life's enemies.

Something of the same sense of oppression in a different degree, and the

same desolation in a different aspect, is produced in my mind when I realize the touch of the West upon Eastern life — the West which, in its relation to us, is all plan and purpose incarnate, without any superfluous humanity.

I feel the contrast very strongly in Japan. In that country, the old world presents itself with some ideal of perfection, in which man has his varied opportunities of self-revelation in art, in ceremonial, in religious faith, and in customs expressing the poetry of social relationship. There one feels that deep delight of hospitality, which life offers to life. And side by side, in the same soil, stands the modern world, which is stupendously big and powerful, but inhospitable. It has no simple-hearted welcome for man. It is living; yet the incompleteness of life's ideal within it cannot but hurt humanity.

The wriggling tentacles of a cold-blooded utilitarianism, with which the West has grasped all the easily yielding succulent portions of the East, are causing pain and indignation throughout the Eastern countries. The West comes to us, not with the imagination and sympathy that create and unite; but with a shock of passion, — passion for power and wealth. This passion is a mere force, which has in it the principle of separation, of conflict.

I have been fortunate in coming into close touch with individual men and women of the Western countries, and have felt with them their sorrows and shared their aspirations. I have known that they seek the same God, who is my God — even those who deny Him. I feel certain, that, if the great light of culture be extinct in Europe, our horizon in the East will mourn in darkness. It does not hurt my pride to acknowledge that, in the present age, Western humanity has received its mission to be the teacher of the world; that her science, through the mastery of laws of

matter, is to liberate human souls from the dark dungeon of matter. For this very reason, I have realized all the more strongly that the dominant collective idea in the Western countries is not creative. It is ready to enslave or kill individuals, to drug a great people with soul-killing poison, smudging their whole future with the black mist of stupefaction, and emasculating entire races of men to the utmost degree of helplessness. It is wholly wanting in spiritual power to blend and harmonize; it lacks the sense of the great personality of man.

The most significant fact of modern days is the fact that the West has met the East. Such a momentous meeting of humanity, in order to be fruitful, must have in its heart some great emotional idea, generous, and creative. There can be no doubt that God's choice has fallen upon the knights-errant of the West for the service of the present age; arms and armor have been given to them; but have they yet realized in their hearts the single-minded loyalty to their cause, which can resist all temptations of bribery from the devil? The world to-day is offered to the West. She will destroy it, if she does not use it for a great creation of man. The materials for such a creation are in the hands of science; but the creative genius is in Man's spiritual ideal.

When I was young, a stranger from Europe came to Bengal. He chose his lodging among the people of the country, shared with them their frugal diet and freely offered them his service. He found employment in the houses of the rich, teaching them French and German, and the money thus earned he spent to help poor students in buying books. This meant for him hours of walking in the midday heat of a tropical summer; for, intent upon exercising

utmost economy, he refused to hire conveyances. He was pitiless in his exaction from himself of his resources, in money, time, and strength, to the point of privation; and all this for the sake of a people who were obscure, to whom he was not born, but whom he dearly loved. He did not come to us with a professional mission of teaching sectarian creeds; he had not in his nature the least trace of that self-sufficiency of goodness which humiliates by gifts the victims of its insolent benevolence. Though he did not know our language, he took every occasion to frequent our meetings and ceremonies; yet he was always afraid of intrusion and tenderly anxious lest he might offend us by his ignorance of our customs. At last, under the continual strain of work in an alien climate and surroundings, his health broke down. He died, and was cremated at our burning ground according to his express desire.

The attitude of his mind, the manner of his living, the object of his life, his modesty, his unstinted self-sacrifice for a people who had not even the power to give publicity to any benefaction bestowed upon them, were so utterly unlike anything we were accustomed to associate with the Europeans in India, that it gave rise in our mind to a feeling of love bordering upon awe.

We all have a realm of a private paradise in our mind, where dwell deathless memories of persons who brought some divine light to our life's experience, who may not be known to others, and whose names have no place in the pages of history. Let me confess to you that this man lives as one of those immortals in the paradise of my individual life.

He came from Sweden; his name was Hammargren. What was most remarkable in the event of his coming to us in Bengal was the fact that, in his own country, he had chanced to read

some works of my countryman, Ram Mohan Roy, and felt an immense veneration for his genius and his character. Ram Mohan Roy lived in the beginning of the last century, and it is no exaggeration to describe him as one of the immortal personalities of modern time. This young Swede had the unusual gift of a far-sighted intellect and sympathy, which enabled him, even from his distance of space and time, and in spite of racial differences, to realize the greatness of Ram Mohan Roy. It moved him so deeply, that he resolved to go to the country which produced this great man, and offer her his service. He was poor, and he had to wait some time in England before he could earn his passage money to India.

There he came at last, and in reckless generosity of love utterly spent himself to the last breath of his life, away from home and kindred and all the inheritances of his motherland. His stay among us was too short to produce any outward result. He failed even to achieve during his life what he had in his mind, which was, to found, by the help of his scanty earnings, a library as a memorial to Ram Mohan Roy, and thus to leave behind him a visible symbol of his devotion.

But what I prize most in this European youth, who left no record of his life behind him, is not the memory of any service of good-will, but the precious gift of respect, which he offered to the people who are fallen upon evil times, and whom it is so easy to ignore or to humiliate. For the first time in modern days, this obscure individual from Sweden brought to our country the chivalrous courtesy of the West, a greeting of human fellowship.

The coincidence came to me with a great and delightful surprise when the Nobel prize was offered to me from Sweden. As a recognition of individual merit, it was of great value to me, no

doubt; but it is the acknowledgment of the East as a collaborator with the Western continents, in contributing its riches to the common stock of civilization, which has an immense significance for the present age. It is the joining hands in comradeship of the two great hemispheres of the human world across the sea.

To-day the real East remains unexplored. The blindness of contempt is more hopeless than the blindness of ignorance, for contempt kills the light which ignorance merely leaves unignited. The East is waiting to be understood by the Western races in order not only to be able to give what is true in her, but also to be confident of her own mission.

In Indian history, the meeting of the Mussulman and the Hindu produced Akbar, the object of whose dream was the unification of hearts and ideals. It had all the glowing enthusiasm of a religion, and it produced an immediate and a vast result, even in his own lifetime.

But the fact still remains, that the Western mind, after centuries of contact with the East, has not evolved the enthusiasm of a chivalrous ideal, which can bring this age to its fulfillment. It is everywhere raising thorny hedges of exclusion, offering human sacrifices to national self-seeking. It has intensified the mutual feeling of envy among Western races themselves, as they fight over their spoils and display a carnivorous pride in their snarling rows of teeth.

We must again guard our minds from any encroaching distrust of the individuals of a nation. The active love of humanity, and the spirit of martyrdom for the cause of justice and truth, which I have met with in the Western countries, have been an immense lesson and inspiration to me. I have no doubt

in my mind that the West owes its true greatness, not so much to its marvellous training of intellect, as to its spirit of service devoted to the welfare of man. Therefore, I speak with a personal feeling of pain and sadness about the collective power which is guiding the helm of Western civilization. It is a passion, not an ideal. The more success it has brought to Europe, the more costly it will prove to her at last, when the accounts have to be rendered. And the signs are unmistakable that the accounts have been called for. The time has come, when Europe must know that the forcible parasitism, which she has been practising upon the two large Continents of the world, — the two most unwieldy whales of humanity, — must be causing to her moral nature a gradual atrophy and degeneration.

As an example, let me quote the following extract from the concluding chapter of *From the Cape to Cairo*, by Messrs. Grogan and Sharp, who have the power to inculcate their doctrines both by precept and by example. In their reference to the African they are candid, as when they say, 'We have stolen his land. Now we must steal his limbs.' These two sentences, carefully articulated, with a smack of enjoyment, have been more clearly explained in the following statement, where some sense of that decency which is the attenuated ghost of a buried conscience prompts the writers to use the phrase, 'compulsory labor,' in place of the honest word 'slavery'; just as the modern politician adroitly avoids the word 'possession' and uses the word 'mandate.' 'Compulsory labor in some form,' they say, 'is the corollary of our occupation of the country.' And they add: 'It is pathetic, but it is history,' — implying thereby that moral sentiments have no serious effect in the history of human beings.

Elsewhere they write: 'Either we must give up the country commercially, or we must make the African work. And mere abuse of those who point out the impasse cannot change the facts. We must decide and soon. Or rather the white man of South Africa will decide.' The authors also confess, that they have seen too much of the world 'to have any lingering belief that Western Civilization benefits native races.'

The logic is simple — the logic of egoism. But the argument is simplified by lopping off the greater part of the premise. For these writers seem to hold that the only important question for the white men of South Africa is, how indefinitely to grow fat on ostrich feathers and diamond mines and dance jazz dances over the misery and degradation of a whole race of fellow beings of a different color from their own. Possibly they believe that moral laws have a special domesticated breed of comfortable concessions for the service of the people in power. Possibly they ignore the fact that commercial and political cannibalism, profitably practised upon foreign races, creeps back nearer home; that the cultivation of unwholesome appetites has its final reckoning with the stomach that has been made to serve it. For, after all, man is a spiritual being, and not a mere living money-bag jumping from profit to profit, and breaking the backbone of human races in its leap-frog of bulging prosperity.

Such, however, has been the condition of things for more than a century; and to-day, trying to read the future by the light of the European conflagration, we are asking ourselves everywhere in the East: 'Is this frightfully overgrown power really great? It can bruise us from without; but can it add to our wealth of spirit? It can sign peace treaties; but can it give peace?'

It was about two thousand years ago that all-powerful Rome, in one of its eastern provinces, executed on a cross a simple teacher of an obscure tribe of fishermen. On that day, the Roman Governor felt no falling off of his appetite or sleep. On that day, there was, on the one hand, the agony, the humiliation, the death; on the other, the pomp of pride and festivity in the Governor's palace.

And to-day? To whom, then, shall we bow the head? Kasmai devaya havisha vidhema? 'To which God shall we offer oblation?'

We know of an instance in our own history of India, when a great personality, both in his life and voice, struck the keynote of the solemn music of the soul, love for all creatures. And that music crossed seas, mountains, and deserts. Races belonging to different climates, habits, and languages were drawn together, not in the clash of arms, not in the conflict of exploitation, but in harmony of life, in amity and peace. That was creation.

When we think of it, we see at once what the confusion of thought was, to which the Western poet, dwelling upon the difference between East and West, referred, when he said 'Never the twain shall meet.' It is true that they are not yet showing any real sign of meeting. But the reason is, because the West has not sent out its humanity to meet the man in the East, but only its machine. Therefore, the poet's line has to be changed into something like this,

Man is man, machine is machine,
And never the twain shall wed.

You must know that red tape can never be a common human bond; that official sealing-wax can never provide means of mutual attachment; that it is a painful ordeal for human beings to have to receive favors from animated pigeon-holes, and condescensions from

printed circulars that give notice, but never speak. The presence of the Western people in the East is a human fact. If we are to gain anything from them, it must not be a mere sum-total of legal codes and systems of civil and military services. Man is a great deal more to man than that. We have our human birthright to claim direct help from the man of the West, if he has anything great to give us. It must come to us, not through mere facts in juxtaposition, but through the spontaneous sacrifice made by those who have the gift, and therefore the responsibility.

Earnestly I ask the poet of the Western world to realize and sing to you, with all the great power of music which he has, that the East and the West are ever in search of each other, and that they must meet, not merely in the fullness of physical strength, but in fullness of truth; that the right hand, which wields the sword, has the need of the left, which holds the shield of safety.

The East has its seat in the vast plains watched over by the snow-peaked mountains, and fertilized by rivers carrying mighty volumes of water to the sea. There, under the blaze of a tropical sun, the physical life has bedimmed the light of its vigor, and lessened its claims. There man has had the repose of mind which has ever tried to set itself in harmony with the inner notes of existence. In the silence of sunrise and sunset, and on star-crowded nights, he has sat face to face with the infinite, waiting for the revelation that opens up the heart of all that there is. He has said, in a rapture of realization, —

'Hearken to me, ye children of the Immortal, who dwell in the Kingdom of Heaven. I have known, from beyond darkness, the Supreme Person, shining with the radiance of the sun.'

The man from the East, with his faith in the eternal, who in his soul has

met the touch of the Supreme Person — has he never come to you in the West and spoken to you of the Kingdom of Heaven? Did he not unite the East and the West in truth, in the unity of one spiritual bond between all children of the Immortal, in the realization of one great Personality in all human persons?

Yes, the East did meet the West profoundly in the growth of her life. Such union became possible, because the East came to the West with the ideal that is creative, and not with the passion that destroys moral bonds. The mystic consciousness of the infinite which she brought with her, was greatly needed by the man of the West, to give him his balance.

On the other hand, the East must

find her own balance in Science — the magnificent gift that the West can bring to her. Truth has its nest as well as its sky. That nest is definite in structure, accurate in law of construction; and though it has to be changed and rebuilt over and over again, the need of it is never-ending and its laws are eternal. For some centuries the East has neglected the nest-building of truth. She has not been attentive to learn its secret. Trying to cross the trackless infinite, the East has relied solely upon her wings. She has spurned the earth, till, buffeted by storms, her wings are hurt and she is tired, sorely needing help. But need she then be told that the messenger of the sky and the builder of the nest shall never meet?

GERMAN REPUBLIC OR GERMAN MONARCHY?

BY DR. J. REINKE

From *Der Tag*, September 28
(BERLIN CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

THE question of monarchy *versus* republic is not a very pressing one in Germany. It is most fortunate that it is not. In spite of the rantings of the radicals on the Left, and notwithstanding the ill-considered sneers of the Nationalist gatherings, the German Republic is not in danger. Even Nationalist leaders have recently seen themselves obliged to declare publicly for the maintenance and defense of the Weimar Constitution, which is the constitution of a democratic republic. The maintenance of the Republic is at this moment desired by a majority of the German people; any attempt to overthrow it by force would only lead to a

civil war, and this would necessarily result in the ruin of Germany. So severe a test of our endurance we are to-day in no position to stand.

How long the Republic will last depends on its achievements. If these should be good, and adapted to the needs of the German people, the German Republic might last — as did the Roman — through many centuries. To be sure, the samples of statesmanship which our republican leaders have thus far given us make one somewhat skeptical. They rather lead us to expect that, after some years or some decades, a sentiment may arise such as developed in England immediately after Oliver

Cromwell's death, when an overwhelming majority of the English people restored the monarchy. With us the near future cannot possibly bring such an event, because the great mass of the German people refuses to countenance violent upheavals and internal conflicts, and because the Social Democrats, who still form the strongest party in the country, are determined to support their ideal of a democratic republic, to uphold it with all their strength and with every means at their command.

In this the Centre and the People's Party support the Social Democrats. The declaration of the conservative elements that they also accept the existing constitution is viewed with suspicion by the Social Democrats; a suspicion which is shared by the other liberal groups. The Nationalists particularly are reproached with insincerity, because they have been assuming, both in their assemblies and in their press, the monarchical rather than the republican point of view. No such reproach, however, can be justly applied to the People's Party. The one outstanding political figure in this period of extreme political distress, Stegerwald, is trying to establish as the responsible basis of government in the German commonwealth, as well as in the several states, a coalition of parties, which would include both the People's Party and the Social Democrats. Personally, I should strongly favor the inclusion of the Nationalists in this coalition; but the prospects for this are poor.

Stegerwald considers the preponderance of the moderate parties during the next decade to be essential to the very existence of Germany. In his opinion, a decisive majority of the Right would lead to intolerable pressure in foreign politics; and would give rise to a latent danger of civil war. A majority of the extreme Left, on the other hand, would

result in chaos. What Germany needs is an era of peace and stability in politics, and these are attainable only through a compact grouping, which must include a considerable fraction of the workers. Party traditions, to be sure, and mutual distrust stand in the way of such a coalition.

The choice of a government at the present time is between a democratic republic and a soviet régime. The latter cannot be called a republic, because it is in essence the terroristic rule of one class through channels of oligarchy. The difference between the French and German republics, on the one hand, and the monarchies of England, Italy, Rumania, and Norway, on the other side, is merely in externals, inasmuch as the last-named states have simply superimposed the glamour of a hereditary crown on the structure of a republic. Before the war, the German Monarchists always insisted that they would never abandon a strong constitutional monarchy in favor of a democratic 'mock monarchy.' To-day they sing a different song. They tell us that they are ready to recognize the inexorable march of history, and would be content with a 'democratic monarchy' like that of Italy, for example.

But the present circumstances in Germany are exceedingly unfavorable for anything of the sort. Before the revolution of 1918, the German Empire consisted of twenty-one monarchies and three republics. Together they formed a federation of which the King of Prussia was president, with the title of German Emperor. To-day these separate states are far more closely knit than formerly; they have all become republics, and together they form the Greater German Commonwealth. One can find an analogy in the Swiss Confederation and the United States of America. In view of this, one may well ask: Where could monarchical restoration make its

beginning? Certainly not at the apex of the governmental pyramid: there is no one whom the German people would to-day choose as their emperor. Could it start in Prussia? The King of Prussia broke faith with his people, when, in the hour of greatest peril, he fled the country and decamped across the frontier to the shelter of a neutral state. Considerations of foreign and domestic politics alike make his return to the throne unthinkable. In the states of South Germany — Hesse, Baden, Wurtemberg, and Bavaria — the situation is a little more favorable. But if these countries should desire to restore their monarchies, the question would arise: why not also in Oldenburg, Mecklenburg, Anhalt, and Schwarzburg? The problem would then take on endless complications. Even in a single state, Bavaria or Baden, for example, a return to monarchical government could only with great difficulty be adjusted to federal republicanism; presumably it would mean the beginning of the dissolution of the German Republic, which is something that none of us desire. Consider, for instance, a Grand Duke of Baden subordinate to President Ebert of the Republic! The restoration of the monarchy is out of the question, by reason of the number of separate dynasties involved, and apart altogether from the fact that, at the present moment, the majority of the population is republican.

The Monarchists of to-day declare that they adhere to their political ideal, that is, a monarchy, even if it must be a 'democratic monarchy.' They should not forget, however, that among the Social Democrats, who presumably outnumber the Monarchists, the political ideal is a republic, for the preservation of which they are prepared to risk everything. I am perfectly amazed by the answers which I have received occasionally from Monarchists to whom I addressed the question why they wished

a restoration of the monarchy under the present circumstances. Some said it was because they sorely missed the brilliant court functions; some because their sons would have had a better chance to make a career; some, because they hoped that the rate of exchange would then rise rapidly, and so on. One cannot but smile at such naïveté. Still, the majority of our Monarchists are probably sincere in believing that the monarchical form of government suits the genius of the German people better than a republic. In any event, we are now conducting a great political experiment to determine that point.

Among serious-minded politicians, who still hope to see a return of the monarchy, the number of those who expect a complete reversion to the conditions which preceded the war is certainly very small, scarcely one per cent. Even among those Nationalists who aim at the introduction of a democratic monarchical state by constitutional means (that is, by the vote of the Reichstag or of the people), only a small element expects to reach the goal in anything other than a distant time. Apart from the lack of any clear understanding about the monarchies in the individual states, most of these aims are vague and fantastic; I refuse to believe that anyone is ruthless enough to desire the attainment of his aims by civil war. The movement for a restored monarchy remains, therefore, in the domain of visions, without any prospect of realization.

It is said of the Monarchists that they are unable to relinquish their principles. They are said to be opposed to the Republic 'on principle.' But when anyone rests his convictions on principle, he removes the whole issue from statecraft to philosophy. Before the war, a man might have preferred a republican form of government, and yet have been a loyal subject of a monarchi-

cal state. So, to-day, one may personally prefer a democratic monarchy, after the pattern of Italy, Denmark, Holland, to the form of the German Republic, and nevertheless serve this Republic, with full devotion and loyalty, as an official. The important thing is not the service to the form of government, but the service to the German people. After the higher powers have imposed a republic upon us, it only remains for us to ask what we can best do with it for the time being.

One should consider the psychological processes, and ask one's self: What was and is your position in regard to these problems? My answer is absolutely clear. In my schooldays the traditions of Roman republican greatness were impressed upon me; but my study of history also bred in me the convictions that, for Germany, the monarchical form of government was the form best suited, and that Brandenburg, through its monarchs, led us to the splendor of the new empire as it was revealed to us during the time of William I and Bismarck.

The things we dreamed about and longed for in our schooldays became realities in the first Treaty of Versailles. Standing guard as a sentinel in Normandy, I experienced the tremendous and uplifting thrill of the proclamation which issued from the Hall of Mirrors in 1871; I remember it as if it happened yesterday. From that moment my whole political thought and existence belonged to my Emperor and to his great Chancellor.

The dismissal of Bismarck was one of the hardest blows in my experience, but it did not shake my monarchical convictions. My trust in 'Emperor and Fatherland' remained strong, even though I realized with bleeding heart how that great wealth of monarchical prestige which William I bequeathed to the German people was being frittered

away by William II. In spite of it all I had faith in the future — even when William II, during the World War, proved altogether unequal to his tasks, both military and political. But when, in the hour of trial, he sought the safety of his own skin in Holland, then I knew that the end had come with terrifying rapidity, and that this man no longer possessed any value to the German people. In a spirit of resignation, I accepted the proclamation of the Republic. Since the adoption of the Weimar Constitution and the ratification of the Versailles Treaty, I have felt that we Germans were simply thrown, as if by magic, from monarchy to republic; and that this Republic, so far as we can see, is the pivot around which our political life will now have to move.

Under the existing circumstances, I would consider any attempt at a change on the part of the reactionaries to be either a fantasy or a crime. The Kapp attempt pointed a moral; it should not be repeated. Another such attempt would end in exactly the same way; although perhaps with greater destruction and loss of life. For this reason, no matter whether one is in principle a Monarchist or not, one must recognize with Stegerwald that our next political goal, if we wish to continue as a nation, is a union of political parties, beginning with the Social Democrats and, I say, including the German Nationalists. Only in that way shall we be able to oppose a firm front to the otherwise unbearable pressure of the Entente. To achieve this, all parties must recognize the Republic, and all playing with the fire of monarchical adventures must cease. If the Republic proves to be in the interest of the German people, which henceforth is its only criterion, then it may endure. If it fails in this, then monarchy in some form will return of its own accord.

Aside from the much-to-be-desired

ending of the high tension among the political parties, we may expect various advantages to result from an honest conversion of the conservatives. At the present time, Germany lacks a genuine conservative party, which should insist on the preservation of those things that are most worthy of being preserved, that is, the spiritual and moral values. The Nationalists deny that they are a conservative party, although the majority of our former Conservatives joined them. A real conservative party, the existence of which is thoroughly to be desired, would to-day be possible only on a basis of avowed republicanism. A middle party, such as the People's Party is in reality, could work in harmony with this Conservative Party, but it also can do useful work only after sincerely accepting the republic. The Centre, the Demó-

cratic People's Party, and the Social Democracy have already accepted the Republic and can stay essentially as they are. Bolshevism must be repulsed and excluded in every way.

Such a division into five parties would, in my opinion, be well adapted to the German character. I should consider it a misfortune if the entire political phalanx should divide into two camps, one of the bourgeoisie and the other of Social Democrats — a division which a few Social Democrats unfortunately seem to desire, but have thus far had no success in bringing about. Two parties aligned in such a way would stand in irreconcilable opposition, and Germany would perish in the struggle. If a union of all political parties were possible under pressure of the events in Upper Silesia, it can surely be achieved in Germany.

BELFAST REVISITED

BY J. ST. LOE STRACHEY

From *The Spectator*, October 15
(UNIONIST WEEKLY)

As our steamer wound its way up the Belfast Lough on a fine morning at the end of September, I must confess to having experienced a certain perturbation of mind. Was I going to be disillusioned by the sight of the great city and its inhabitants? For nearly forty years I had refused to bow to the English Home-Rule and Radical view of Belfast. But suppose I found that I had been cherishing a series of illusions — what then? In a word, and to be quite honest, I felt as a convert to Romanism might feel on a first visit to Rome. Suppose

the Pope and the Cardinals and the Curia did not turn out to be as wise and splendid and as divinely equipped as they seemed in Farm Street?

Any way, the situation had got to be faced, for the soundness of my whole Irish view rested on an Ulster and so a Belfast, foundation. It was some thirty-two years since I had been in Ulster. At that visit I formed the opinion, which has never left me since, that it was only by a frank and honest recognition of the existence of the two Irelands that one could possibly solve

the Irish problem. If the people who formed the two Irelands had been mixed in the same proportions throughout Ireland, — that is, if in every part the Protestants had always been in minority of about a fourth, — the problem would have been simple enough. But that was not the situation. Those who were the minority in the South of Ireland were the majority in a well-defined area in the North of Ireland. Further, this well-defined area in the North contained the only great and enterprising city in the island — the only community which, judged from the business point of view, was efficient and progressive.

Still, I argued with myself, suppose I should find that some new element had arisen since 1890, or that my original diagnosis of Ulster was defective? What then? The sun rose on the gray waters of the Lough, and we found our ship sliding past the great gantries, the vast wharfs and basins, and the huge straddling iron towers of the shipyards. A more thrilling sight can hardly be imagined. — All seaports cast a spell; but when the port is also, as in the case of Belfast, a great shipbuilding centre, a place where the mightiest ships that have ever floated have been built and are being built, the sombre magnificence of the home of mechanical power is vastly increased.

On every side inner voices were calling to us that there was no ocean, no sea, no port, no river in the globe that was not full of the labors of Belfast. Ships that are built at Belfast leave the nests in which they were born, never, perhaps, to return to her waters; but they carry her name and her handiwork throughout the world. As this thought came to mind, there towered up close to us the sides of the San Benito, a strange-looking ship just being got ready for the sea. Though it was now almost day, all her electric lights were

in full blaze, and men were swarming over her decks in what seemed a delirium of hurry and business. We were to read, a day later, how she had just been completed, how she was the first merchant ship to be fitted with electric transmission, and how she was destined for the West India trade.

Later we passed the hull of a ship only three-quarters built with the name 'Sophocles' painted in huge letters on her bows. Here indeed was a thrilling mystery. Why Sophocles? What had that Greek of the Greeks, austere in the extremity of his sensuous emotionalism, got to do with Belfast? The ready explanation was, either that she was a ship built for the Greek Government, or else that she belonged to some patriotic Greek shipowner with literary tastes — some successor to Sir Basil Zaharoff in the ardent mixture of imagination, business, and high patriotism. Curiously enough our explanation proved like that described in one of the notes with which Gibbon floors the orthodox allegations of an early Christian Father: 'This explanation is probable, but certainly false.' The Sophocles was to sail out of the port of Aberdeen, not the Piræus or Corinth, and belonged to a Scottish line, all of whose ships are adorned with glorious Greek names — Pericles, Empedocles, and so forth — a moving testimony to Scottish scholarship and learning. Here was proof of how loyally Aberdeen maintains the Greek spirit.

How we wished we could recall the benign and beloved poet of Hellas, and see him learning with wonder that the children of the Muses are honored in lands beyond the farthest of which the Greek geographers had dreamed! He could not have seen without emotion his name reflected on the waters of the Lough, for the Sophocles was already launched. I do not know whether there is a prize poem at the Queen's University, Belfast; but if there is, I suggest

that the next subject should be 'Sophocles at the Island.'

And so we glided delicately, passed wonder after wonder, and longed for a Piranesi to do justice to the wondrous architectural and pictorial effects which opened out before us in gigantic rhythm, like some vast cinema roll prepared for the gods in Valhalla. Thus, even before we were tied up to the quay, there had come part consolation to my fears of disillusionment. 'At any rate, this is no mean city. Here is the aura of true greatness. The men who made this place, and who are maintaining and developing it (some of the biggest of the works we had passed were but a year or two old), were born for what is great, not for what is small and sordid. Here is the proud city of self-help. Here is the city which teaches the lesson that commercial prosperity is a thing with which communities cannot be endowed from the top. Belfast was not created by Act of Parliament, or by Orders in Council, or by the patronage of Ministers. It came from within, not from without.' Belfast started with no natural advantages whatever. She had no coal; she had no iron; she had not even a harbor. Her river is no Shannon or Thames, but a mere stream. The port had to be dug out and dredged out. It is not the gift of nature, but of human energy; and to help this work Belfast got no grants. No; whatever faults Belfast may have, it is not the home of a political and religious clique maintained by favor and injustice.

The first political fact that I was to realize on my visit was that in Belfast, though it had so enormously increased in size, in wealth, and in potential energy, the spirit of the people was exactly the same as it was thirty years before. Prosperity had not spoiled Belfast. It had not even becalmed her. She remains, among her countless ships and amid her thousands of busy hammers, the same

proud city of the waters, always ready to stretch out her hand in amity, but always ready to guard her independence — not unwilling exactly, but, at any rate, unable, to defend herself with words, but perfectly ready to adopt every other means of defense, should she be attacked. I could see that her people feel now exactly as they did at the end of the eighties and the beginning of the nineties. She and the districts round her were then, as now, determined to settle their own fate, and not to allow it to be settled for them by the men of Dublin and the South.

Once more, I realized that the true way to make people understand Belfast and the Irish question, is to say to them what Daniel Webster said so proudly of Massachusetts: 'There she is; behold her, and judge for yourselves.' I beheld Belfast physically, and I beheld also the spirit of her people, found it as true as ever, and I was satisfied. It is not an intolerant spirit. It is not a persecuting spirit. It is not a sordid or unjust and ungenerous spirit. It is, however, a determined, a self-confident spirit which knows no doubts — which knows no fears. There is nothing of the Hamlet about the men of Belfast. Their views are not sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought. The animating spirit may seem to the fastidious 'unintelligent,' or unphilosophical, or what you will, but, at any rate, it is a spirit with which we not only have to deal, but with which we can deal. You know where you are with people who are positive that they are in the right and are not merely feebly trying to fish a relative truth out of a still more relative well.

As for the notion that Belfast Protestants attack their Roman Catholic neighbors out of pure devilry, I feel almost ashamed to meet it, so utterly unjust is it. That the Protestant hits back I have no doubt, and sometimes, I

dare say, hits back unnecessarily hard. I admit that he is intolerant of murder; foul and ruthless, clothed with the *alias* of 'military action.' Also, I admit that a good deal of ill-feeling has been caused in Belfast by the refusal of the Protestants in the shipyards and in certain factories to work side by side with the Roman Catholics. But who can wonder at it? Put yourself for a moment in the position of a worker in Harland and Wolff's shipyard, where, if I am not mistaken, there are some 20,000 men at work every day, now all Protestants. Would anyone who reads these lines care to work up in a gantry or on the sides of a vessel on the stocks with a Sinn Feiner beside him, and with the thought always present that any day this fellow worker, though he seems perfectly trustworthy and peaceable, may get an order from some secret society to which he belongs to set fire to the works, to throw a bomb, or do some other act that may involve the loss of hundreds of lives? Though he may not want to execute this order, there will be a man told off to kill him if he does not execute it. The Sinn Feiner is always between the devil and the deep sea when he listed for murder or bomb duty. Surely, the most stolid worker in the world might be excused for finding such a man a rather nerve-racking colleague.

Remember, once more, it was not the tyrannical *employers* who refused work to the Sinn Feiners or the sympathizers with Sinn Fein, but the Protestant *workers*. Taken as a whole, however, there are still plenty of Roman Catholics at work in Belfast, in spite of the unpleasant fact that, according to their own political creed, every Sinn Feiner is a potential murderer. Have not their own Church authorities proclaimed that killing is no murder, if you call it an act of war against a tyrant? I know, of course, that when attention was

called in the *Spectator* to the publication of this doctrine in the Maynooth College official magazine, — a periodical with the imprimatur of the Archbishop of Dublin and of the Ecclesiastical Censor, — the blame was laid upon the unfortunate printer. Upon such 'printers' errors' Belfast not unnaturally smiles. No; the spirit of Belfast is not bigoted or unmerciful, though it is practical. Belfast is not going to betray either itself or the United Kingdom.

The following considerations must be a postscript to this description of my visit. We are told that the Belfast men are to be upbraided for having formed the Volunteers and so set a bad example to their neighbors. But can anybody show a single case in which the Belfast Volunteers have murdered any man, by day or night? No Ulster man has used arms, except against our German enemies, or recently to assist the Forces of the Crown in maintaining order. But, though Belfast has hitherto been patient almost beyond belief, the strain may become intolerable.

A fact amusing in itself, but none the less significant, shows how much the temper of Belfast is being tried. The legitimate rates are very high in Belfast as in the rest of the world; but, in addition to that, Belfast is paying very heavy compensation charges to persons injured in the rioting, which rioting, I may say in parenthesis, is believed in Northern Ireland to be deliberately fomented by the Sinn Feiners in order to put Ulster in the wrong and, if possible, to goad her into some violent act of reprisal that might be represented as a Protestant massacre. It must not be supposed that the people who get compensation for injury are all Protestants. Compensation is claimed and is given to both sides in case of injury which can be shown to have been received in the course of public riot. It is

alleged that a Sinn Fein bombing instructor lately put in a claim for compensation owing to injuries caused, it is whispered, in the course of his professional duties! Whether this is true or not, I do not presume to say, but, at any rate, it is illustrative of the kind of thing that goes on.

And now I see that I have said nothing about the Northern Parliament, which neither Belfast nor the Six-County Area desired for themselves, but which they took from the United Kingdom because they did not want to make it impossible for the Government at Westminster to carry out the policy of Home Rule which, rightly or wrongly the Cabinet had decided to adopt.

Northern Ireland said in effect: 'If you are resolved upon applying the principle of self-determination, we shall not attempt to impose any veto upon the proposal, provided you apply it fairly. Though we should rather remain in the Union, if you tell us it is our duty to be self-determined, we bow to your wish.' In this spirit Belfast accepted the Home Rule Act, which has now been applied to her. In this spirit it is being worked. I saw the Northern House of Commons in Session, and also the Northern Senate, and I can only say that more businesslike, more digni-

fied, more responsible public bodies I have never seen. There was no nonsense and no play-acting about them, and I am glad to say there was the nucleus of a healthy opposition, and of an opposition at the very point where Parliament opposition should always be strong — that is, on the point of finance. A Parliament in the last resort is a taxing, spending, and waste-inhibiting body, and therefore what it requires as an essential is the compensating balance of a Parliamentary opposition. Those who heard, as I did, Mr. Lynn and Mr. Coote at work will realize that they have got it in the Parliament of North Ireland.

Again, those, who hear Mr. Barbour's suave and masterly answers to their penetrating, and therefore necessarily disagreeable and disturbing, interrogations will understand that Sir James Craig's Government is already learning that Parliamentary opposition is part of the machinery of democratic self-government, and that to be stretched upon the question-rack is a duty which Ministers must welcome, not resent.

And so good fortune to Belfast and the North. They have saved themselves by their own exertions. They will save the rest of the Empire by their example.

THE GOLDFISH'S TRAGEDY

BY TRISTAN DERÈME

From *Echo de Paris*, October 18
(CLERICAL DAILY)

I REMEMBER that I stopped one evening, when I was on my way to visit my friend Crinèze, — who was then just beginning to get his books published, — in front of a little store where they sold goldfish. The last rays of the setting sun were gleaming under the boughs of the trees along the Quai du Louvre — setting the glass bowls gleaming until you would have sworn that those fish were the moving petals of the wild poppy, or else living rubies.

A crazy idea struck me all of a sudden. I would buy one of those goldfish — the one that looked most like a poppy petal — and without letting the storekeeper wrap the little glass globe, I would walk along the street to Crinèze's house, carrying it for the joy of the passers-by. It would be delightfully amusing to make my friend such a queer present. To offer him a goldfish — that seemed to me at once ridiculous and charming, and, at least, evidence of a singular taste.

I went up the three flights of stairs and knocked. I waited a moment. I knocked again, but no hand opened the door. Without setting down the glass globe, for fear that somebody would throw it downstairs or that some marauding cat might carry off my goldfish, I went to consult the concierge. She could give me no information at all. I went back upstairs. I knocked again several times, and then, since the door remained closed, I climbed down the three flights of stairs again, promising myself to come again in the morning.

But what was I going to do with my goldfish? It was already night; the storekeeper had put up his shutters. I never dreamed of entrusting the globe to the concierge. In spite of my orders, she might have told Crinèze about it, and spoiled all the fun of giving him a surprise. So I went out, carrying my moving poppy petal, which I set on the table in a restaurant, to watch me from his crystal prison while I ate my dinner. The waiter recommended trout to me, which, everybody thought, were delicious that evening; but from a kind of conscientious scruple, whose delicacy you will appreciate, I hardly dared dine on fish under the gleaming eyes of my scaly pensioner.

I won't trouble you with the story of how I managed to get back to my rooms about midnight, after having taken the living ruby to a café, into the Metro, and then into a street-car, amid the curious gayety of everybody I met, who obviously wondered how a man of respectable appearance happened to be acting as nursemaid to a goldfish. Some people let fall the unkind remark that I must have won my treasure at a fair; and I could not keep a little boy with a tender heart from dropping into the globe half a stick of chocolate which he was eating, and which he wanted the goldfish to share.

Once safely home, I began to feel that this adventure was really absurd; but still, it was highly amusing, and Crinèze would be hugely diverted next day when I told him all the ins and outs of my enterprise.

I remember how bright and sunny it was next morning. The leaves of the chestnut trees stirred gently in the garden underneath my windows. I took my globe and went out. This time I took a taxi, so that I might not be subjected to all the curiosity of last evening; and so we drove — the goldfish and I — to my friend's lodging.

I don't know whether you have ever tried to carry a goldfish in an automobile. It's a very difficult job: —

C'est une œuvre de choix qui veut beaucoup d'amour.

We had n't gone twenty metres, when my hands were swimming in water and my face thoroughly soaked. Then there was a terrific bump and the catastrophe happened. The globe spilled over my waistcoat and the goldfish went flopping on the cushion. I yelled so loud that the motor stopped — so hard that I rammed my nose against the glass at the imminent risk of cutting myself, while my hat, in the excitement of the moment, went sailing off toward the sky. I suppose the chauffeur thought that he had been driving a crazy man; for with bared head and the goldfish struggling in the empty bowl, I burst into the first house, yelling at the top of my voice: 'Water! Water! Water!'

The time that it took for the good and noble woman of that house to lead me to the spigot in her kitchen seemed an age. I could have wept, yes, I could have wept into that globe; but my tears were salt — as Greek poetry and experience both teach us — and my goldfish which was weak enough already, would have died in that unaccustomed salty sea.

Oh, who shall tell my joy when, immersed in the soothing water, the fish, after having turned over on his side, gave a flirt of his tail, opened his gills, stirred his fins, and began to be lively. I decided to go the rest of the way on foot, and with my hat still somewhat

askew, and my clothes dripping, I arrived at Crinèze's lodgings at last.

He was at home and, with the globe behind my back like someone who brings a bouquet of flowers for a surprise, I walked into his office. I made him a little speech and then with a gesture which, under the circumstances, could not be very sweeping, but with a stately, measured sweep of the arm, — because I did not want to throw my fish on the floor, — I offered him that remarkable present. Crinèze was delighted with the idea, and sent the chambermaid running at full speed to find out what kind of food goldfish indulged in, and to return with plenty of nutriment for this novel guest.

You can't imagine the place that goldfish filled in my life and affections after that. Crinèze was my best friend. The seasons went by, one after another, and he was still my best friend, and the goldfish, which I never failed to greet with a few affectionate words at every one of my visits, seemed to me the symbol of friendship. After some years I was still attached to him, fearing only that one of these days I should see him die, for he had been the discreet witness — oh, such a discreet witness! — of many a learned conversation, familiar chat, and feast, where with the wine we exchanged plans and dreams and hopes innumerable.

'If you listen as much as you talk little, you must know a good many things!' I used to say to the goldfish sometimes.

For more than twenty years he had been swimming around in his globe, there in Crinèze's room. The little fish grew up — but no, he was always little to me. Sometimes, as if he were feeling a little frolicsome, he would go to the top of the water and would sniff with the end of his muzzle in the air; then he would go plunging down in the water, down to the very bottom. He always

looked to me as if he had his hands in his pockets.

One day, when Crinèze found himself in the village of Ustaritz, in the Basque country, I had a telegram from him asking me to come down and join him for a few days. Thoroughly delighted, I started right off, for I was all alone in Paris during vacation and beginning to get lonely. But in Crinèze's villa at Ustaritz, what a surprise was waiting for me! There in his globe on the table was my fish, still swimming around, the same as ever.

'You see, I brought him with me,' said Crinèze.

We had a good time. We fished, we hunted, we smoked our pipes under the trees. What fun it was! A lazy time, good air, shady trees, and all the charms of friendship.

But tragedy was in the air. One evening after dinner, as we were walking along the terrace, I gave a cry. The globe was empty.

'Where's the fish?' I cried.

'Where's the fish?' cried Crinèze.

Well, in the end, Mariette, the old servant, told us the story: 'Monsieur will understand. Just now while I was setting the table the cat stuck his paw in the globe and fished him out. There

was the fish on the table thumping around. I chased out the cat and then I thought that to-morrow or some other day the cat would get him anyhow.'

'Well?'

'Well, I took him out and put him in the frying-pan.'

'What! This evening?'

'Yes. That made one little fish more and a fresh one, too. He was still alive when I got him.'

We had eaten our little friend — at least one of us had eaten him! There was no way of telling which one.

I was very melancholy, and we went on smoking our cigarettes in silence. And then Crinèze told me something:—

'Oh, come! Don't be so cast down! That fish has n't been the same all these twenty years. Every time I went on a trip, what do you suppose I did? I gave the fish to the janitor's wife or to a friend, and when I came back, I got a new one to please you, because I saw you were touched with this little fish-story. I have been buying goldfishes for the last twenty years.'

We both burst out laughing like two old friends, who have given each other their best friendship for many a long year. Then we had a glass of wine to chase away the goldfish's ghost.

BOLSHEVISM CONDEMNED

BY ALEXANDER KERENSKY

[The article here translated is an extract from an address delivered by M. Kerensky at a meeting of the General Council of the Belgian Workmen's Party, held at Brussels on October 4.]

From *L'Indépendance Belge*, October 5
(LIBERAL PROGRESSIVE DAILY)

I REMEMBER with what violence the theses which I once set forth at a meeting in Paris were attacked. I had said: 'Bolshevism involves the practical disappearance of the proletariat, especially of skilled workmen. It distinctly reduces the working capacity of the laboring class and deprives it of all its rights.' I remember with what indignation my words were received when I declared that 'nationalized socialist industry becomes the absolute slave of foreign capitalism'; that 'capitalism will not be suppressed in Soviet Russia; but, on the contrary, will sink its roots deep and will strengthen itself there'; and that 'such capitalism will be the worst possible destroyer and the fiercest enemy of the laboring classes.'

At present these assertions have become commonplaces, and I suppose that there is nowhere in the whole world a single, independent mind which does not understand that Bolshevism really has nothing in common with 'Socialism,' nor in a general way with any civilized form of collective life; and that it is, in fact, the sworn enemy, not only of peasants, not only of intellectuals, but even of that industrial proletariat of the cities in whose name the Moscow usurpers exercise their power.

I suppose that one could at present, with no chance of being misunderstood or meeting any very serious objection, declare without further proof that the Bolshevik experiment is pretty well

done for, and that from this time on, every link is broken between the self-styled workers and peasants' government on the one hand and the workers and peasants themselves on the other. One could go on to say that not only is this true in Russia itself, but that to the same degree in Europe, the masses of workers, without being completely freed from the obsessions of Bolshevik hypnotism, are nevertheless on the brink of a definite cure of that dangerous malady.

Expansion of Bolshevism in any land has been in direct proportion to the exhaustion resulting from the war, and in inverse proportion to the level of industrial development which it has attained, and the quality of that development, and to the power of the organization of its proletariat.

There is another and no less characteristic means of judging: in the Occidental countries contaminated with Bolshevism, the number of partisans among the workers diminishes in proportion as the economic life develops and the power of organization of the working masses increases. I suppose that there is no difficulty in finding examples of the regularity of these phenomena in all the countries of Europe. Each of us has but to recall the history of any country in the last three years in order to have a sufficient number of these examples presented to his mind. The instigators of the Third Interna-

tional have often tried to show that it is the period of general exhaustion which especially favors the process which they call — nobody knows why — the social revolution; but, in reality, it is nothing but a process of social decomposition.

Nobody is less inclined than I to assert that the war has given free play to irresistible transformations of all the foundations of economic life; that time has provoked a radical change in the correlation of social forces, and, in consequence, of political forces as well. The process can and ought to be considered as a revolution in the objective, scientific sense of that word; but it certainly has nothing in common with that veritable *mise à sac* of industry and the working-class, which has been brought about wherever it is possible by the followers of that new anti-Marxian, Lenin.

It is enough merely to compare two countries, Great Britain and Soviet Russia, to understand that the normal and objectively revolutionary process of regrouping social and political forces after the close of the World War has nothing whatever in common with the procedure of Bolshevism, which consists in the total destruction of political and economic life. These are the two opposite poles between which to-day all kinds of combinations of forms and aspects of social and political development take their place. You understand, however, better than I, the power and the extraordinary organization of the working movement in England. You know that, in no country, perhaps, is the fourth estate — that is, the democracy of workers — so ripe for power, as in that country. You know, too, that it is England which, of all the warring countries of Europe, has suffered least, economically, from the war; and that precisely on this account the whole working-class is inspired by the principles

which best inhibit Bolshevik methods and the whole Bolshevik idea.

Yet do we not observe everywhere in Europe an unheard-of growth in the power of organization among the working-classes, which takes the form of a large number of professional unions and political and coöperative organizations.

In short, I wish to emphasize that, in spite of all Bolshevik associations, the regeneration of national economy and of political life — a regeneration which in Europe is taking the place of the paralysis of war-time — is followed everywhere by a rapid increase of the influence of the popular mass. New forms of social life are on the point of bursting forth. The chiefs of Muscovite Communism see these phenomena, as well as the rest of us, and they are trying to put off the definite overthrow of their ideology by concealing from their adherents all that I have just said, in stubbornly trying to substitute for this whole great political and social movement the legend of leaders who have sold themselves to capitalism and who have betrayed the proletariat. In reality, among the laboring classes as well as in the very bosom of Socialism, which is their ideological expression, a curious combat is going on at present between two principles.

In the domain of reality, it is the struggle between the phenomena of exhaustion, misery, and disorganization resulting from the war, and the phenomena of regeneration and the accumulation of forces. In the domain of thought and ideas, it is the struggle between Bolshevism, the 'socialism of misery,' and all the forms of revolutionary socialism, whether Marxian or not. We may infer from the example of Russia that, after a certain degree of economic exhaustion and moral upheaval in the land, Bolshevism can become the force that dominates as well

as overthrows all social and economic organization of collective life, even destroying the proletariat in a material sense. We may infer from the example of Europe, that the Bolshevik movement decreases in proportion as the effect of this exhaustion caused by the war disappears. If these two observations are justified (and there is no reason to doubt it), then it is absolute evidence that Bolshevism as an intellectual dogma is already overthrown. From now on we may affirm that.

Bolshevism, in its most recent Moscowite form, has gone into the discard along with all the other morbid phenomena of the war and war-psychology. Lenin has written a book, *The Growing Pains of Communism*. I believe that this Communism of his is itself a very serious, but not a mortal growing-pain of the whole international labor movement, whose power and maturity have been increasing rapidly since the war. It seems to me incontestable that Bolshevism should be condemned. It seems to me that the chiefs and the theorists of the great movement of the masses toward their social and political emancipation — a movement whose final goal is the free manifestation of all sides of human personality, that is, the realization of the ideals of culture and the human spirit — at present concentrate all their attention on purifying the movement of liberation from the theoretical prejudices and tactics which still encumber it, from all the errors born of the self-styled Communist

Moscow, which have in a certain measure obscured the reason and weakened the will of the Social Democratic movement in all countries.

Finally, it is necessary to have done with a type of mind which denies the absolute value of itself, of human personality, and independence of all considerations of class.² We must have done completely with the idea of the isolation of the proletariat — an isolation which, in reality, takes the most brutal forms of violence exercised by the minority over the majority.

‘By talking constantly about dictatorship, the proletariat has shut itself off from the heart of the foundations of the people, on which it would certainly have been able to count. In doing so, it has blocked the road for Socialism.’ So Heinrich Stroebel rightly says in his recent work, *Socialization, Its Methods and Preliminary Conditions*. He affirms courageously the sovereign priority of the principle of the adhesion of the population, as of old, as a preliminary psychological condition to the success of every revolutionary, and, in general, every political action. He repeats, like Wassel: ‘I find that the right and only way of speaking to the working-people can be founded only on the conviction that labor really serves the good of the whole collective social body.’

This is not the place to present the historical examples on which Stroebel bases his conclusions, which do not enter completely into the ordinary ideas of the present day.

PUBLICITY, AN AMERICAN OBSESSION

BY G. HANET ARCHAMBAULT

From *L'Indépendance Belge*, October 2
(LIBERAL PROGRESSIVE DAILY)

THE number of journals in the United States exceeds 23,000. There are about 2500 dailies and the rest appear once, twice, or three times a week. These numbers include newspapers alone and exclude reviews, magazines, bulletins, and other publications of the same kind. In a great city like Chicago, no less than forty dailies exist, of which only twelve are in the English language, while the others are printed in German, Bohemian, Polish, Yiddish, Hungarian, Italian, Slovene, Slovakian, and Lithuanian. It is, perhaps, worth noting that no daily newspaper in the French language is published in Chicago. The paper shortage made itself felt in the United States as elsewhere. Nevertheless, all these newspapers appeared on ten, twenty, thirty, and sometimes even forty pages. Before the war there were sometimes numbers which ran up to 100 pages, and these monsters will be seen again without any doubt.

All these journals grow and prosper. Business, naturally, is not so good as it was before 1917, and some of them have disappeared, but the survivors seem full of vigor and on all sides one observes a vigorous movement for revival. This is because the American is a great lover of the newspapers. He delights in them, and incidentally, since the means of general culture are scant enough in the United States, this affords an interesting question for study: Is it the reader who influences the newspaper, or the newspaper which influences the reader? For a moment let us confine ourselves to noting the voracity

of the American when it comes to newspaper reading, a circumstance which explains why little towns of 5000 inhabitants can support their daily newspaper. In the great centres 'the business man' devours three or four newspapers a day without counting his subscription to one or two others for his home, his wife, and children. Because of this eagerness, the presses rumble without any pause, and edition follows edition without cessation, so that one reaches this paradox: evening newspapers on sale at nine o'clock in the morning and morning newspapers on sale in the evening.

A newspaper then has no difficulty in finding a clientele. It is concerned with retaining it, increasing it, and above all, in keeping it from going to a competitor. In order to secure this result, the directors have learned that it is not enough merely to interest the reader. It is necessary to 'serve' him. 'Service' has become the principal word of the day in American journalism and the newspaper has become transformed into a veritable nation-wide link. Qualified observers declare that the press has lost some of its power as creator and guide of public opinion, which is, however, a common observation in all the countries of the world. In America, none the less, whatever may have been lost in this respect has been largely compensated for by 'service.'

This new tendency has grown up, little by little. There was a time when the editor thought of nothing but in-

creasing the number of his readers, and for this purpose he had recourse to premiums. Under the influence of these artifices the circulation actually mounted, but it decreased automatically as soon as premiums stopped. The net cost of a new reader, if one may say it, became prohibitive. It was necessary to find something else to attract the reader, and especially to retain him. Little by little, although continuing to interest the subscribers by the abundance of information, an effort was simultaneously made to serve them, that is, to be useful to them in the greatest possible number of ways. In this way a link was established between the newspaper and its reader, which was much more enduring than in the days when it was a question merely of amusing and informing him. The present-hour editors talk of nothing but 'service.'

Naturally this transformation in objects was a lengthy operation marked by experiment and hesitation. Naturally the beginning was made by rendering collective service. There were little columns edited by specialists whose business it was to give, by way of the newspaper, consultations on common law, hygiene, and medicine, and to discuss sport, literature, music, art, even religion, to deal with travel, education of children, dressmaking and a thousand other objects. The headings of this sort increased to such a degree that the modern newspaper in the United States has come to publish sermons and prayers, receipts for cooking, and hints on beauty, epigrams, and caricatures.

It is some newspaper which tells you 'what orator or what preacher to hear, what spectacle to see, what book to read, the best values you can buy on the stock market, what picture to admire, what sport to take up, and what charity to support. The press is

the chief and universal counselor. These collective services to the readers led directly to services to individuals. The American is always eager for information, and always desirous of understanding in all circumstances. The French liaison agents with the American army during the war were bombarded with questions: what period is that church? how old is Marshal Joffre? how much wheat does France export? how many kilometres between Brest and Lunéville? what kind of agricultural machinery do your peasants use? what is the population of Château Thierry? — a rattling fire of 'what is' and 'why.' The American feels no hesitancy in exposing his ignorance when it is a matter of filling up the gaps in an education that has been too much specialized. He appeals of his own free will to his newspaper, and it in many columns applies its principle of service to individuals and enters into a correspondence with its readers which becomes more and more voluminous. It would require a volume to analyze the daily special features of an American newspaper. Everything is there from: 'Can you recommend a good hunting dog for me' to 'Tell me how I can keep my fiancée's love.'

But it takes time to write. It is often easier to telephone, or finding yourself in the neighborhood, to go to the office of the newspaper in person to ask for a reply. The American newspaper then ought to have an instruction office including in a good many cases a lecture hall and a correspondence room with a register for visitors. The city editor usually installs a reporter there who often picks up some highly interesting information. There is no limit once a newspaper starts on this course: a room for dispatches, a library, an electric board indicating play by play the event of the baseball games, a lecture hall or auditorium, as they say over there, a

music hall, and a central meeting-place. The *Philadelphia Public Ledger* has a forum where world-wide celebrities speak; the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* has established a recreation room for the children of its readers: the *New York World* has a commercial information service which is justly celebrated, for the use of its advertisers. It organizes trips and excursions and every afternoon gives receptions for its women readers.

Service has a thousand other ways of manifesting itself, but our enumeration will be enough to make it understood to what degree the newspaper has entered into the daily life of the nation. It is not merely a source of information or amusement, but a counselor, a friend to which one turns in need, and in which one places trust. Let us remember, however, that in America, once inevitable snobbishness is eliminated, there are no definitely fixed social classes. It is the American's pride that in his country you find 'equality of opportunity,' a historic phrase which may be interpreted about thus: in the race course of life, there is no handicap at the starting-post. Although this formula does not exactly correspond with the facts, it does contain a good deal of truth. There is a certain measure of equality at the start. To succeed, then, one must rise above the mass, and once one has risen above it, it is necessary to lean upon this mass, and to appeal to it. The people give their support all the more freely because the success of a fellow citizen tends to prove that there does exist a genuine equality of opportunity. The American is rarely jealous of a neighbor's success, but on the contrary he is proud of it for it means 'publicity' for his village, his city, his country, and that makes him think that he, too, will succeed. To assure success, to make appeal to the mass, to determine its

course are all powers in the hands of that marvelous instrument, the newspaper.

It is by means of the newspaper that one reaches the public, creates reputations, gets goods sold, petitions signed, a district voted wet or dry, the subscriptions filled up for a drive. That shows why there is no reason to be astonished at seeing, for example, such an organization as the Red Cross including in its personnel 'publicity directors,' all of whom are former editors or reporters. I mention the Red Cross proposal because its eminently philanthropic character is above all suspicions and its accounts are open to the light of day.

The budget of the Red Cross is met almost exclusively by means of gifts. During the war and since it, this work has never appealed in vain. The Americans have given it several billions. It is true that it requires enormous sums to carry on properly its humanitarian task. While the war was in progress gifts flowed in without solicitation. The smallest hamlet had men at the front and they were not forgotten. But this spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm slackened with the Armistice, at the very moment when the Red Cross desired to go to the relief of the liberated regions. And so it had to have recourse to publicity. Former journalists were to be found in great number in its personnel. It was easy to organize in each centre and for each mission a bureau of publicity, charged with the duty of advertising the results obtained and to keep the name of the Red Cross well to the front in all the newspapers. Only in this fashion could they continue to collect their funds.

Evidently this kind of editing is a specialty. There is a certain knack to it. At bottom it is a little bit like pink pills to get the attention of the reader at the start and to induce him to read the whole article before he can think

what he is doing. But there is a complication.

Meantime, the publicity director turns his attention to the journalist himself. He contrives to get a paper into his hands in which information and advertising are so cleverly mingled that he cannot refuse it without running the risk of losing news which he will find in the other newspapers the next day. Or the publicity director may find some other means such as this for example:—

Constantinople — In spite of Bolshevik troops and a thousand dangers, Mlle — has just arrived here at peril of her life, worn out and exhausted, in order to keep her promise and give news of Captain —, an American citizen who was an aviator in the service of Poland, who fell two months ago inside the lines of the Red Army. After a thousand adventures, Mlle — succeeded in reaching the Crimea at the very moment when Wrangel's troops were retreating. She embarked on a steamer loaded with refugees, and her first act on reaching here was to go to the Headquarters of the American Red Cross. Indeed it would be difficult to estimate all the good which this work has done in Crimea and elsewhere. 'Here,' she said, 'I am certain of finding friends,' and she told the story of her wanderings to Colonel —, director of the Red Cross at Constantinople.

And so the story goes on, without failing to mention Dr. So-and-so 'of the American Red Cross' who cared for the heroine, and the nurse, Miss So-and-so 'of the American Red Cross' who was present at the interview.

When you come to analyze it, there is nothing new in this story, so far as information is concerned. The capture of the aviator is two months old. All the newspapers have been talking about it. The retreat of Wrangel's army is no longer news, for the dispatches of the agencies have brought in all the details. But in spite of everything the news gets printed because it is very well put

together. It offers that element of 'human interest' which is so much sought after in our days by the American press. The formula is rather vague for everything in the world is of human interest. But in the slang of the editorial room, it means a bit of news, a curious fact out of the ordinary, and suited to the least intelligent reader and of such a nature as to stir him or make him laugh. The young Russian, beautiful and brave, perhaps the daughter of a prince, has all the characteristics necessary to charm the lovers of moving-picture romance. On the other hand, — and this the triumph of the publicity director's art — it is literally impossible to strike out the allusions to the Red Cross without ruining the story, and so it appears *in extenso*. It is good copy, and at bottom it is entirely inoffensive. A summary of the relief furnished by the Red Cross to the refugees in Crimea would go into the waste basket because it would lack human interest.

These examples are enough to explain the mechanism of publicity and the uses to which it can be put. The editors of the newspapers are beginning to find that there is an abuse here, and pessimists, finding in it 'a cancer gnawing at the entrails of journalism,' set up a cry of alarm. In truth it is the pecuniary side, the need for gain that disturbs them most. Others see the question from the ethical side, and they fear that independent information is threatened. Only recently the American reporter, whose primal business was to give the reader all opinions, leaving to the 'editorial' alone the exposition of the policy of the newspaper itself, would be received in person by the chief, whether a ministry or a company or a bank or an industry or any other enterprise was concerned. Now, however, it is generally the 'publicity director.' He does not reply

to the reporter's questions but hands him a typewritten statement, every term of which is weighed and whose purpose is to mislead or even to deceive. Many journalists deplore these new methods as the development of tendential information.

We are convinced that the American press, jealous of its reputation and proud of its traditions, will know how to de-

fend itself, but we believe also that it will be impossible for it to suppress 'publicity.' All the more it will be able to restrain and regulate it. Since publicity exists, it is legitimate to make use of it. The German propaganda does not disdain it and it would be refreshing to think that there also existed a 'publicity director' at the Quai d'Orsay.

BRITISH NEWSPAPERS AND FOREIGN PROPAGANDA

BY HERBERT BAILEY

From *The Westminster Gazette*, September 27
(OLD LIBERAL WEEKLY)

THE silent warfare between newspapers anxious to provide their readers with an excellent service of news, and government apologists striving to exploit a fertile field for their propaganda, continues with undiminished skill and intensity. The vigilance of editors clashes in muffled combat with the insidious onslaughts of a smiling enemy. Sometimes vigilance triumphs, and drives, with laughing scorn, the audacious attempts of the enemy into the waste-paper basket. Sometimes an apparently innocent paragraph appears in the most independent and least susceptible, of newspapers, to proclaim a propagandist victory.

These are the visible signs of many skirmishes. But all the elaborate precautions and devices, the ambushes and camouflage, the treasons and espionage of modern war are to be found in the conflict between conscientious editors and conscienceless propagandists. The editor warns his assistants to be circumspect in accepting any news

from a tainted source; the propagandist, suave and often shyly communicative, dangles items of news, and the prospect of earning the intimate confidence of the Government, before the eyes of the ardent and inexperienced searcher for news. Deception flourishes. The shrewd correspondent listens attentively, and apparently very sympathetically, to the tale of the propagandist, and, using so much of the propaganda as he needs, writes a daring attack on the Government for the following morning's issue. The wise and experienced propagandist welds news with views and apologies, until the one is hardly, if at all, distinguishable from the other, and affects to be an enlightened patron of industrious newspapermen. The promise of honors, invitations to dine, an occasional cigar, the letter of introduction to the eminent statesman that earns an important interview, and special telegraphic or telephonic facilities, all stand among the clumsy, but often effective, weapons of

the information secretaries of modern governments.

There have been, of course, unscrupulous but clever newspapermen, who accepted the honors with appropriate humility, dined well, smoked choice cigars, wrote exclusive interviews, and used all the facilities of communication offered by the Government, without losing their belief in the printed word, and defying, at convenient moments, the Government who patronized them. They have often discovered that it is only by questioning the wisdom of governments that any exclusive news is obtained about the progress of national affairs. Apologists need no conversion by propagandists. It is the journalist who doubts, whom it is necessary to convince. Sometimes there have been simple traitors, who passed from journalism to propaganda with the impulse of the soldier surrendering to the enemy. But more interesting are those who, while receiving the rewards of propaganda, still maintain a precarious foothold in the world of newspapers. Since no distinct uniform is worn by the combatants, it is often difficult to distinguish the enemies. Thus it is possible to survive in both camps.

The war extends, like modern warfare, far behind the front lines. The defection of a general in command of an excellent body of troops is much more important than the surrender of an occasional soldier. Thus, we sometimes find a newspaper changing proprietors or changing its policy with as much mystery as is veiled around modern war. Even neighboring newspapers are, for a long time, unaware of the defection, and the general retains his command while serving the enemy. In Paris to-day the readers of a violently anti-British newspaper do not know that a wealthy American oil company has a controlling interest in their paper

and that the pro-American and anti-British outpourings of that journal are dictated by the consideration of fighting the British plans for obtaining oil-supplies throughout the world.

Another Paris paper, with almost as enormous a circulation, was recently bought by a French minister, who is also an ambitious capitalist, without the public knowing anything at all of the transaction, and we have seen in London and the provinces the same mysterious process for influencing public opinion. But the assaults of other propagandists of modern governments is even carried into other fields. A Norwegian newspaper recently revealed to an astonished world how the Foreign Office was sending out its propaganda in the guise of independent news; but the Foreign Office, extensive though its propaganda activities are to-day, has not developed the arts and craft of propaganda to the point it has attained in European capitals and Moscow.

During the Kapp rising in Berlin, American correspondents, anxious to discover some semblance of the truth, found it necessary to visit the propaganda bureaus of every political party in Germany, each of which told a story that bore little resemblance to that obtained from the other. But propaganda had reached such a stage of confusion, that the news from the Wilhelmstrasse was denied by the Chancellor, and the news from the Chancellor denied by the President. Never indeed was truth so securely buried beneath propaganda, and never before was the acumen of correspondents in such demand. Happily the experience taught independent correspondents to distrust all information offered officially since that time. The wireless propaganda, the restrictions on visitors, the millions of leaflets, the army of orators, and the propaganda trains of the Soviet Government are now well known. Such propaganda is

mainly primitive and ill devised. The opponents of Bolshevism have been far more successful and sagacious in their employment of propaganda.

The increasing interest in foreign affairs which the United States and the British Empire have inherited from the war is, however, exploited by the propagandists of foreign governments in a way which few of the editors of the papers of these countries realize. Dependent as the majority of these newspapers are upon agencies for foreign news, they fail to inquire too closely into whether these agencies are free from the propaganda of foreign Governments. It is not known that all the news-agencies of the world, with a few unimportant exceptions, have working arrangements with agencies in the capitals whence news is sent. They buy the news-service of the foreign agency and supply news in return. The office of the foreign news-agency is their office, and although a competent correspondent is in charge of the office, his assistants, particularly during the night, are nationals of the country of origin. Now these foreign news-agencies, if they are not actually subsidized by the governments of their country, are so indebted to them for special facilities, or are so compliant, that they have become nothing but elaborate propaganda bureaux. On any question of international importance, such as the Silesian question, they obtain official views and send them out to the public as independent views. Official communiqués are telegraphed all over the world, in the cloak of news independently obtained and independently offered. The desire of the Government as to the handling of a particular issue is obeyed with remarkable faithfulness; and when the Government wishes some news suppressed for its own benefit, suppression, without a murmur of protest, takes place.

My own experience and the experiences of other journalists show how the agencies that supply the United States and the British Empire with news are susceptible to the propaganda of foreign governments, which they solemnly buy from foreign news-agencies. The deliberate misrepresentations as to the French policy on the Rhine and the fate of the 'republic' of Dr. Dorten had encircled the world before an independent statement of the facts, which time proved to be correct, could appear in London or New York. Again, I happened to discover that Krupp's was still making guns, a discovery that was admitted, but explained, by the brother of Prince von Bülow, who is the chief director of that concern. The German Government issued an angry denial of my story by wireless, and privately offered to correspondents in Berlin the explanation of von Bülow, which had not satisfied the British officers who were in charge of the disarmament of Essen. The denial was sent to London and New York in the same words as those used by the German Government, and repeated at convenient intervals afterward. Most of the English provincial newspapers, some of the London journals, and hundreds of American, Canadian, Australian, and South African newspapers printed the denial as if it was the independent investigation of a Berlin correspondent. German propaganda scored an easy victory.

The Chinese delegates to the Peace Conference could, if they chose, tell some instructive stories of how Japanese propaganda on the Shantung question was sent out to London and provincial newspapers as if it were pure news, and how the Chinese version was suppressed on the instructions of the Japanese. The intricate arrangements between the news-agencies of the world have become so interlaced, that no man

reading a simple item of news to-day can tell its origin or its purpose. The Silesian problem provided the latest lesson in how newspapers are exploited by propagandists. Anyone who troubles to read through the files of the British and American journals which did not have their own correspondents in Paris will find their foreign pages filled with propaganda that owed its inspiration to the Quai d'Orsay.

The danger to British interests of the country being flooded with foreign propaganda at the moment when an important international question is being settled by the Government is very apparent. Unfortunately, few newspapers in Britain, and still fewer in the Dominions, have any idea how tainted is much of the news which they print

as independent items. Their eagerness to obtain news makes them the easier to victimize, and leaves them a prey for the intrigues of the propagandist. The time has come when the newspapers of the British Empire, particularly those of provincial Britain and the Dominions, should demand that foreign news must be free from the insidious propaganda of foreign governments.

The Washington Conference will provide another illustration of the present danger. Governments have learned nothing from the war but the value of propaganda as an arm of diplomacy. Independent newspapers should have noted, too, that, although public interest in foreign affairs, in spite of surface appearances, has increased, their readers want news, not propaganda.

POOLED POETRY

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

From *The Manchester Guardian*, October 14
(RADICAL LIBERAL DAILY)

You do not necessarily climb to discover a poet at his mystery. It is not always a matter of hitching to a star. With all proper respect for the name and virtues of Macaulay, streams do very often meander level with their founts. If the water-shed is broad, the stream will make a puddle of itself before it finds the slope.

So it has often been with poesy; so it is, plainly, just now, in England. Most of the young poets are meandering; and what will happen when they go over the edge, there is no man that knoweth. The thing has happened be-

fore, twice at least; and each time in an hour of exhaustion, or perhaps of approaching exhaustion. It happened within the first fifty years of the seventeenth century, when all young men, from Campion to Davenant, fluted in the same gay falsetto. Again it happened between the accession of Queen Anne and the death of Gray. In both those ages there was much meandering; there was each time a family likeness, a family cock of the eye. Poets not only saw the same things, but saw them from the same nursery window.

Our last great blare of poetry, that

which dated from the French Revolution, was much more individual. That was, so to speak, a time of sharp drainage. Byron, Keats, Wordsworth, Shelley — each ran his rolling flood between banks of his own delving. It is true that the Tom Moores and Haynes Bayleys, the L.E.L.'s and Mrs. Nortons, meandered level with their founts, wherever those founts may have been: 'non raggioniam' di lor.' The great men poured forth in cascades, and were not for long out of the great tradition.

In that precipitancy the Victorians followed them. You may say, if you will, that, ethically at least, they puddled. Tennyson might have written 'The Angel in the House'; Browning might have written 'In Memoriam'; Charles Kingsley, easily, 'The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich'; and if I can suggest no alternative author for *The Ring and the Book* (except George Meredith), I could find half a dozen for *Aurora Leigh*. God, at any rate, was in His heaven for all the Victorians, until you come to the Pre-Raphaelites, with whom there is some puddling to be observed.

The Pre-Raphaelites poetized very much upon the instruction of the five senses. Their emotions seemed to depend almost wholly upon the stimulation which they thus received. The result was curious. The three great poets of the school — Swinburne, Rossetti, and Morris — all engaged in narrative, and in all three of them character and humor drop clean out. Each perceived the beam in his brother's eye. Morris could not get on at all with Swinburne's 'Tristram'; Swinburne scoffed at Morris's 'Sigurd,' whose grandfather, he said, was a dragon; Morris cared nothing for Rossetti's verses. Yet — and it amazes — Morris called Chaucer his master, Rossetti was at the feet of Dante, and all three of them set the *Border Ballads* upon the topmost peak of our Helikon.

It may have been the example of Chaucer which gave Morris the project of a great poem upon the fall of Troy. With characteristic perversity, he chose to go no nearer to his subject than Caxton's *Recuyell* would take him. He might have looked 'in Dares or in Dite' if he could have found them; but there is no evidence that he studied the Odyssey, or that he had made himself aware that the third Iliad contains the key to the whole after-tale, so far as Helen, Paris, and Menelaus are concerned in it. I have seen only the extracts from his drafts — the poem proceeded no further — given by Mr. Mackail in his life of the bard. To judge by them, the poem would have been full of disillusion and weariness, its effect that of faded and sombre arras. Landscape, as usual, counts above all things; character is entirely absent. Troy, says Mr. Mackail, was for Morris 'a town exactly like Bruges or Chartres: spired and gabled, red-roofed, filled . . . with towers and swinging bells. The Trojan princes go out, like knights in Froissart, to tilt at the barriers and look down from their walls on

'Our great wet ditches where the carp and tench,
In spite of arblasts and petrarix,
Suck at the floating lilies all day long.'

Not very much like Homer, not very much like Chaucer either, but very much indeed like the Pre-Raphaelite poets. Long after he had abandoned his drafts, Morris translated the Odyssey; and if he had resumed his first work subsequently, there's no saying what he might have made of it. It remains, however, as he left it, remarkable evidence of what a great story may be made by a poet who is interested only in the accidents of it, or the accidents he may weave into it. The Siege of Troy, raised by Homer to be one of the great themes of the Western

world, and left by him at a moment of crisis, was no more to William Morris than a frame on which to hang his mediæval woolwork.

What it has become since, we may find out by perusal of *Paris and Helen* by W. J. Turner, the work of a young poet of to-day. The matter of the immortal tale has now well-nigh disappeared. If it was made to serve landscape by Morris, it is used by Mr. Turner to hold atmosphere. Landscape for him is what you please; and what pleases Mr. Turner is of the Russian Ballet variety. Troy, which he chooses to place 'by Tenedos,' rears up for him, as he says, —

like some sublime sea-wrack
Lifted from ocean's floor;

its 'buttresses and towers' are

coated over with encrusted foam
From the salt waves —

and so on. All that is difficult to assort with Homer, and, indeed, with geography; but perhaps it does n't-matter. What does matter is the way in which personages peak and pine beneath this monstrous scenery. We see Paris for a moment in a vale of Ida, again for a day or so in Troy. We find him next in Sparta, and have to take his wooing for granted. We ascertain that he has carried Helen away. Then, during the great leaguer (which has two para-

graphs), we infer that he was bored, for

on his eye-balls she lay coldly fair.

The sack of the citadel goes for nothing, the rape of the Palladion, the murder of Priam, the return of Menelaus.

'Troy's fallen, and her name become a tale,' says the poet summarily. Menelaus goes home, with Helen in the hold, and a shepherd boy in the mountains sings

An ancient song, older than Greece or Troy.

The song is given. It does not sound very ancient to me.

The cavalier treatment of great names and great themes is growing upon the Georgians. A little while ago Mr. Aldous Huxley put Leda and Zeus upon his operating table, with results which were mostly unpleasant. The anatomy of animal passion is better out of poetry. Homer has gone as near as need be in the fourteenth book of the Iliad; and I prefer his way of doing it to Mr. Huxley's. And now here is Mr. Turner making marionettes of the heroes of 'The Matter of Rome,' with a background of Gordon Craig scenery and effects of light from Covent Garden. If this airy handling of gods and mortals was learned by our young men in Flanders and Gallipoli, poetry is like to puddle unwholesomely. For flippancy is catching.

A PAGE OF VERSE

ROBIN

BY E. HAMILTON MOORE

[*The Sunday Times*]

SING me the ripe of the year,
Robin Goodfellow!
Carol content and good cheer,
Jocund, though winter be near,
Though the leaves yellow.

Sing me the barn and the byre,
Harvest thanksgiving;
Praise me the bowl and the brier,
Curtain and candle and fire,
Peace and snug living.

Calmly the year to her rest
Turns from all cumber.
Ruffle your bonny red breast,
Sing, of all bounties the best,
Silence and slumber.

Blithe, then, in cold days and dark,
How the flute mellows!
Pipe 'Who's afraid?' to the lark;
Quire with the angels, brave spark,
Best of good fellows!

THE SECLUDED DWELLING

BY F. W. STOKOE

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

WHEN I shall enter first my grave,
The last of all the homes I've tried,
I shall look round and say: 'This cave
Is quiet, cool, and countrified;

'A hermit's cell, a bland retreat —
Bare, but my books are in my head,
My music too; no need to eat
And drink and smoke, now I am dead.

'I think I might be happy here,
Have time at last, and use it all,
And get the first and last things clear.
Even the Vicar will not call.'

So for a while I take my ease,
And lie and twist my thoughts about,
Content no footstep breaks my ease,
That not a friend can find me out.

But when the winds in autumn blow
And drive about the unending rain,
I shall be restless till I go
And haunt the avenues again;

Peer stealthily in a face or two,
Walk, and return unsatisfied,
And find my thoughts are all askew,
And curse, and wish I had not died,

And smother in my winding-sheet,
And wonder what is wrong with this
Cool, quiet, countrified retreat —
And know at last that what I miss

Is dearer than all these I hold,
Worth buying with all those I
dread —
That it is lonely here, and cold.
All much as if I were not dead.

AT DUSK

BY E. HAMILTON-FELLOWS

[*The Westminster Gazette*]

LEFT to the stars the sky,
Left to the sea the sand,
Softly the small waves drop
Hand on white hand;
Where murmuring hills are steep
Countless musicians keep
Tryst, among wild dim valleys
Lost in sleep.

Their music binds a world
Of alien fields unknown,
Stirs among cloud-hung peaks
Lovely and lone.
Far and remote they seem,
Playing their endless theme —
Thin threads of sound come trem-
bling back,
Dream upon dream.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

INTERVIEWING BERNARD SHAW AND SACHA GUITRY

Two distinguished European dramatists gave interviews on theatrical matters to the press in the same week last October. One was M. Sacha Guitry, — perhaps best known to American readers by his play *Pasteur*, which unfortunately, has not as yet been translated into English, — who discussed his own work and the Belgian theatrical public with an interviewer from the *Indépendance Belge*. The other was Mr. Bernard Shaw, who discoursed to a representative of the *London Observer* upon most subjects under the sun — except perhaps, shoes, ships, and sealing wax, cabbages and kings, of which the dismayed interviewer fails to make mention. He confesses at the opening of his article that he ‘tried to make Mr. Bernard Shaw talk about *Heartbreak House*,’ but confesses that ‘the attempt was only partially successful.’ Mr. Shaw was very eager to talk about the Washington Conference, the command of the sea, Leon Trotsky’s new book, — which, by the way, he greatly admires, — the Irish question, his fellow dramatist, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, who recently made a bitter newspaper attack on him, and the affairs of the universe in general. But it was evidently with the greatest difficulty that the unfortunate reporter steered him back to his own writings. Mr. Shaw consented to give only unwilling scraps of information, which the newspaper man contrived to piece together.

Why do you keep bothering about my plays [asked the dramatist]? Is it intellectual affectation, or are you really one of the few very special people who care for them? If you want to meet the master-spirits of the age you will find them in the gallery and

pit when my plays are being performed. You will even find them in the stalls.

The latest news about *Heartbreak House*? Well, the latest is that its third production has just taken place in Stockholm. No; I can’t tell you whether it has been a success or not; there has not been time to decide that yet. The Swedish papers say it has; but it had a disastrous effect on the correspondent of the *Morning Post*. I always have a disastrous effect on that paper; its constitution is not strong enough to stand up to the game as I play it.

Yes; it is a long play, a frightfully long play. If the spectators interrupt and delay the proceedings by guffawing in the usual manner, they will spoil the performance; and they will not be out of the theatre until three in the morning. We shall get through in time for the last trains if they will let us; if not, let them pay for taxis or walk home; and serve them right. People who make audible noises in the theatre should be killed.

I never said that the play is funny. The first act may prove amusing in parts; but the second should produce stupefaction, and the third send the audience home to devote the rest of their lives to repentance and good works. The *Morning Post* man liked the first act; it must be very bad. It was the second that unhinged him.

The London production of *Heartbreak House*, which opened simultaneously with Parliament, is the fourth that the play has had. The first production was that of the New York Theatre Guild, and the second that of a manager in Vienna. Mr. Shaw explains this by saying that ‘New York got in just by sheer artistic gumption, Vienna probably because it knew no better.’ The Stockholm production, third on the list, is now at last followed by a fourth in London.

To judge from the comments of the

critics, London did not receive the piece very well. The *Sunday Times* finds it 'crowded with the stock figures of Shavian drama, conventionalized to dullness,' and 'a series of interminable harangues.' The *Daily Telegraph's* critic accuses Mr. Shaw of loquacity and finds the four hours required for the production, 'a portentously long time.'

The effect on 'the *Morning Post* man' of the production in London was quite as disastrous as that in Stockholm. In this respect, at least, Mr. Shaw must have been satisfied, for the *Post's* critic says indignantly that the play 'simply shows a group of persons stewing in their own juices and disregards plot and action,' while 'the characters are all crazy.' Even the title does not satisfy this very captious critic, for there is not 'such a thing as a heart to break on the premises.'

M. Guitry, a more complaisant subject for an interview, made much less trouble for the reporter of the *Indépendance Belge*; but then, the Belgian journalist did not go away in the end with so much amusing comment. Like Mr. Shaw, the French dramatist was willing to discuss an infinite variety of subjects: the qualifications of the gendarmes and the dramatic critics of Brussels, the efficiency of the street-cleaning department, the heroism of Burgomaster Max during the war, his own plays, his father's ability as an actor, his working habits, his cigarettes, his opinion of the dramatic tendencies of the day in Paris, and his plans for the future.

As an actor [he said], I can consider the public only as an assemblage of individuals in a theatre. They have a tendency to frequent theatres where painfully light spectacles are being played, or where pieces are being presented, the greater part of whose situations are *risqué*. This is profoundly regrettable. It is a duty for authors to fight this tendency, and such dramatists are not

lacking; but there are always men to write the plays that appeal to the base instincts of the mob.

As an author, I don't believe that the theatre to-day has very plainly marked tendencies. During the war, the theatres suffered tremendously through the fact that many authors were afraid to take the chance of presenting new plays. I personally made an effort to combat this situation. The first rehearsal which took place in Paris during the war was one of my works, *La Jalouse*. In all, I presented thirteen new pieces.

The Parisian theatre to-day is admirable, but the path of the dramatic author is beset with difficulties. There are two or three thousand of us, while there are only forty-five playhouses, which produce, during the course of the season, an average of four pieces at most. You can imagine how hard it is to suit everybody. On November fourth a comedy in three acts will be produced at the Théâtre Édouard VII in Paris — *Jacqueline*, in which Lucien Guitry will play. Then, at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, my father and the great Sarah will interpret *Adam and Eve*. Then the Théâtre Édouard VII will give a little operetta of my own, the title of which is not yet decided upon. It will have the unusual distinction of being presented on the same day at Paris, New York, and London. My friend, Ivan Caryll, an Americanized Belgian, will do the music.

'What are your methods of work,' inquired the interviewer.

'My days are occupied with rehearsals, my evenings with productions, so that it is only the night which gives me leisure for writing. The work of a dramatist combined with that of an actor is highly fatiguing.'

✱

JOHN MASEFIELD AT HOME

MR. CHARLES HANSON TOWNE publishes in the *London Bookman* an account of a visit which he paid to John Masefield at his home at Boar's Hill, near Oxford.

There was his house, at last [he writes]! A simple enough dwelling, the grounds of which we entered through a little gate. It was not unlike many of our American suburban dwellings, with no pretense, no anxiety to be greatly different from other houses round about.

Yes, Mr. Masfield was at home; would we step in? the maid answered our query. We simply sent word by her that two American pilgrims, whose names did not matter, would like to say 'Good-day' to a writer they had long admired.

The message came back that Mr. Masfield would be happy to see us shortly; but he was at work. I wondered if we had interrupted the composition of a sonnet, and I was not pleased to be the blunt instrument which would thus cut off a magical line. 'But he always comes down for tea,' the maid explained; and made us comfortable in the dining-room. We looked about. The model of a ship first caught my attention. The author of *Dauber* would be certain to make one with his own hands. Then, paintings of his boy and girl, as well as a portrait of himself. A few books, a littered desk, a hospitable fire-place and inviting chairs — these were enough to make the room cosy and habitable.

Suddenly, through a French window behind us, Mrs. Masfield came in 'from feeding the hens,' she laughed. Her husband would be in soon. He was putting some nails in a box in the barn. So it was not a poem we had interrupted!

I told her how, on my first visit to England twelve years ago, I had read *The Everlasting Mercy* on a park bench in Chester, on my way to my steamer. The tattered copy of *The English Review* was passed from one end of the boat to the other; and when I got to New York, I told a reporter who had come to interview Andrew Carnegie that I had a far more important piece of news for him: a new poet had arrived in England; and I gave him the torn magazine. In print, after, he agreed with me. And so did the whole world.

Mrs. Masfield's eyes filled with tears as I told her this; and I recalled how I had, after a year, written myself to her husband to tell him of my joy in his poetry.

'Did I answer?' said a deep voice behind

me. And I turned, to see Mr. Masfield smiling, his face sunburned, his tired eyes lighted by some divine inner fire.

'You did,' I said.

'I'm glad of that,' he replied. And we all sat down and talked of America. I had heard Masfield lecture during the war; and he looked then as if the weight of the world were upon his shoulders. But now he looked rested and five years younger, and the resiliency had come back to his voice. . . .

They urged us to stay for tea; but a boom of thunder echoed far off, and the first rain of the summer began to sing in the garden, and we said we must run for our bus. Another guest had come in, so we hurried to the road, Masfield showing us to the gate and waving us good-bye. He looked like a ghost in his suit of white linen, but a healthy normal ghost — as normal as those robust songs of the sea he has sung so well.

Mr. Masfield's new poem, *King Cole of England*, a short story in verse, is to be published shortly by Messrs. Heinemann. It is to be illustrated with pen-and-ink sketches by Miss Judith Masfield.



'A NEW ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY'

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT has produced an anthology of a new sort in his recent compilation, *An English Anthology of Prose and Poetry*. His object in making the collection was to illustrate the progress of the main stream of English literature, and since he realized that this could not be done save by the 'gradual gathering of many tributaries' into one stream he has refused to bow to the conventions among anthologists, and has not confined himself by any means to the lyric poets. Dramatic, epic, even didactic elements are included in this interesting and useful volume.

It would be impossible to give any notion of the art of Pope, Milton, or Spenser in an anthology like the 'Golden Treasury.' Chaucer and Crabbe

would almost wholly disappear, and Sir Henry, understanding this perfectly, has reprinted part of *The Canterbury Tales*, cuttings from a play by Beaumont and Fletcher, and even from *The Village* and *The Library*, to allow these authors to take their place among the lyrists. He even dares to quote all of *The Rape of the Lock*, and he honors the memory of Byron — which is likely to be a little neglected nowadays — by printing almost an entire canto of *Don Juan*!

In a long criticism published in the *Sunday Times*, Mr. Edmund Gosse says:—

The sense of evolution, of the bud ceaselessly breaking into blossom, and making way on the bough for fresh buds, is what I mark as the especial merit of Sir Henry Newbolt's anthology. It displays English literature in its function as a living organism. To do this it was more needful to give an intelligent sequence of prose than even to select the most exquisite lyrical effusions.

Another novelty in Sir Henry Newbolt's scheme is that instead of placing the authors from whom he quotes in the exact sequence of their dates of birth, he arranges them in accordance with the order in which they made their decisive appearance. The difficulty here is to know what 'decisive appearance' consists in. If it means the moment at which the importance of each author began to make itself generally felt, I fail to understand why William Blake is anterior to Gilbert White and James Boswell. No doubt, on the plan Sir Henry Newbolt has adopted it was very difficult to know where to place Blake at all. If the rule of 'decisive appearance' is to be maintained, Blake should come far down the roll, later than Landor, later than Scott. That might be inconvenient and confusing, but so it is to put Robert Greene before Spenser and Goldsmith after Sterne.

THE HIGH COST OF TRAVEL

A CORRESPONDENT of the *London Times*, signing himself 'Traveler,'

takes strong exception to Mr. Frederic Harrison's declaration that Europe has been opened to the masses through cheap travel. This wayfarer has found all the supposed advantages of unequal rates of exchange offset by discriminations against travelers. Even the Swiss, he says, no longer seem to want foreign travelers. 'If they did they would make their pathway easier, and as a beginning they would insist that the railway officials at Basel should not treat visitors as if they were invading barbarians.' The upshot of the matter is the letter-writer's serious question, 'whether the cost of foreign travel is now too dear to make it worth while to go abroad for a holiday.'

What it costs to stay at home in England he does not suggest.

NEW MAGAZINES

WHILE American periodicals appear to be diminishing in number through various consolidations, the English magazines have had two recent additions to their list in the form of one monthly called *The Beacon* and another, *Looking Forward*. The announced names of the contributors to each of these new monthlies give promise of vigor and skill. *The Beacon* will be edited by Mr. E. R. Appleton, and published by Mr. Basil Blackwell of Oxford. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe is the editor of *Looking Forward*.

BOOKS MENTIONED

An English Anthology of Prose and Poetry. Compiled and arranged by Henry Newbolt. J. M. Dent and Co. 10s. 6d.

Trotsky, Leon: *The Defense of Terrorism, A Reply to Karl Kautsky*. With a preface by H. N. Brailsford. London, Labor Publishing Company, 3s. 6d.

Turner, W. J.: *Paris and Helen*. London, Sidgwick and Jackson, 5s. net.

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